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R. H. S. Crossman
The Chinese Communes

★

V. S. Pritchett
Is 'Lolita' Obscene?

★

Kenneth Robinson
Mental Health

Comments on the Week's News .. 30
A Charter for Mental Health. Kenneth Robinson 34
The People's Communes. R. H. S. Crossman 34
This England 35
London Diary. Critic 36
Lolita. V. S. Pritchett 38
Edwin Muir. Janet Adam Smith .. 40

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

An Adventurous Year. T. C. Worsley .. 40
Counter-Attack in Aberdare. Reyner Banham 41
Spoiling It for Us. Tom Driberg .. 42
Hurrah for a British Film! William Whitebait 42
The Mortality of Records. William Glock 43

CORRESPONDENCE

Jack Gee, Wu Shih-ch'ang, A. J. P. Knowles, Ernest and Enid Wistrich, Maurice Kildare, John Wain, John Berger 44

Books in General:
Alive and Kicking. John Raymond .. 46
Printing Jenny. Matthew Mitchell .. 47

REVIEWS

Priestley Against Topside. Raymond Williams 47
Portrait of a Paranoiac. Walter Allen .. 48
Orgy Porgy. G. W. Stonier 48
Job Satisfactions. Peter Townsend .. 49
Nuclear Sense. Kingsley Martin .. 50
Teardrop in the Irish Eye. Paul West .. 50
Romans High and Low. Andrew Wordsworth 51
City Lights. Taurus 53
Week-end Competitions 52

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The Year of Balance

MR KRUSHCHEV has a flair for the spectacular and well-timed gesture. In 1955, he wished to retreat from the more extreme positions that Stalin had taken in the cold war: in a matter of weeks he had made his pilgrimage to Belgrade, signed the Austrian peace treaty, and engineered a summit conference at Geneva. In 1956, the turn against the Stalinist terror was marked by the sensational speech at the 20th Congress. In 1957, the increasing technical might of the Soviet Union was demonstrated by the Sputnik, and last year the reaction against 'revisionism' was capped by the execution of Imre Nagy.

We are now entering a new phase. It began with Krushchev's proposals for Berlin. These were followed by the definite if slow progress in the nuclear test negotiations at Geneva, by Krushchev's long interview with Senator Humphrey, by the cordial messages despatched to Mr Macmillan and President Eisenhower at the New Year, and now by the launching of the Lunik and Mr Mikoyan.

The first impression is that Mikoyan has been sent to assure the Americans that the Berlin issue will not be pressed to a showdown at the end of May; to prepare the way either for Mr Krushchev to go to America himself, or, more probably, for a summit meeting this summer; and to outline the Soviet terms for some kind of settlement in Europe. Each of these suggestions fits in with the growing belief that Krushchev wishes to make 1959 (like 1955) a year of diminishing rather than (like 1958) of increasing tension.

It would, however, be wrong to assume—as do some officials in Washington—that Krushchev feels that he has overplayed his hand at Berlin and that he is now seeking for some way to back down from his demand that the western powers evacuate the city. The primary purpose of the Berlin proposals was to re-open the German question. If that is achieved, then Krushchev can afford to withdraw the Soviet troops and leave the western forces undisturbed while negotiations continue.

Why, when previous meetings about Germany have ended in futile recriminations, does Krushchev wish to try again? There seem to be two reasons. The first is the impending nuclear armament of West Germany: the second is the change in the balance of strength since the last effort to reach agreement failed. One explains the sense of urgency, underlined by the time-limit set in the Berlin proposals, and the other reveals Krushchev's conviction that the pattern imposed on Europe in the day of American atomic supremacy cannot be indefinitely sustained as the ballistic and economic power of the Soviet bloc increases.

There can be little doubt that the Russians wish to delay, or to prevent the equipment of the Bundeswehr with nuclear weapons. Just as the decision to create the West German army pushed German unification off the agenda, so this further step would make any talk of disengagement or a nuclear-free zone in Europe seem utopian. It is possible, therefore, that the Soviet initiative is the last chance of solving the German question on any terms acceptable to the West.

To this, of course, the western powers may merely reply that they will stand firm, that the uneasy stalemate can be maintained, and that they cannot contemplate anything that would weaken either their strategic dispositions in Europe or suggest that the interests of their West German ally will be sacrificed for the sake of a settlement with the Russians. This may have been a viable policy in the past. But it ignores two simple facts of the present: it is the West which proposes to break the existing pattern by supplying Bonn with nuclear weapons; and it is the West's strategic positions which are being made irrelevant.

True, parity between the American and Soviet deterrents may not yet have been reached: the Strategic Air Command may still be capable of inflicting greater damage upon the Soviet Union than the Russians could inflict upon the United States. But the Russians will soon have, as the Lunik again emphasises, intercontinental missiles of great power and accuracy. It is now Krushchev who is beginning to speak from a position of strength, and the West which is falling back upon Molotov's old answer from the period of American supremacy—*Nyet*. This may be the year of balance. It would be wise to make it a year in which agreement is sought with a new realism.

Comments on the Week's News

Castro's Triumph

The collapse of the Batista regime did not follow the usual Latin American pattern, in which a dictatorship is overthrown by a rebellious army junta with some civilian allies. It is true that, in the last stages, part of the army was defecting to the rebels, part was unwilling to fight, and some of the senior officers had decided that the time had come to switch sides. But, by then, Fidel Castro had demonstrated that he was going to win by tactics which combined a partisan uprising with slow strangulation of the island's economy and administration. It had become impossible for Batista's forces to fight a decisive battle because, unlike the majority of Latin American revolts, which are fought out round the barracks and public buildings of the capital, this began in the countryside, and Havana fell only after the regime had disintegrated. This may, in the long run, prove an advantage: if Castro's attempt to establish democracy in Cuba is to succeed, the popular support built up during the revolt should greatly strengthen the new regime. But, in the short run, Castro's delay in reaching and establishing control over the capital has caused difficulties. Apart from the Communists, who seem to have organised their own armed militia, there are several other insurgent but politically obscure groups in Havana which are claiming a share in power. Castro may have sufficient prestige, and sufficient loyalty from his bearded partisans, to bring coherence out of political chaos. But his own political views have wavered in the last two years, while the unity of his movement was built primarily around the objective of a 'democratic alternative' to Batista. Though he may have the troops, it is unlikely that he yet has more than the makings of a political party. He has won the first – perhaps decisive – battle for Cuban democracy, but it is by no means clear who will inherit his victory.

Smashing Mr Mintoff

The chief blame for the failure to find a solution to the problem of Malta lies with Mr Lennox-Boyd. To accuse Mr Mintoff of demagogic irresponsibility is beside the point. Whatever Mintoff's weaknesses, he is the only Maltese with sufficient standing among his own people to negotiate a settlement with London: his 'demagogy' and his 'irresponsibility' are in fact the expressions of both the aspirations and the anxieties of the people of Malta. It might be reasonable to rail at Mintoff if the Colonial Office had made any serious attempt to reach agreement with him. But the whole conduct of the recent London Conference – with its ridiculous pretence that Miss Strickland could be treated as a serious figure alongside Mintoff and the Nationalist Party leader, Borg Olivier – aggravated suspicions of British intentions among almost all sections of Maltese opinion. Moreover, it is not true for the British government now to suggest that it presented this conference with constitutional proposals. Mr Lennox-Boyd in fact refused to put forward any proposals unless the Maltese Labour Party withdrew its demand for independence. Now, the government has formally reverted to direct colonial rule, very slightly concealed by a nominated council. The only intelligible explanation of this decision is that Mr Lennox-Boyd is gambling on being able to smash Mr Mintoff and discredit him with his own followers. It seems very unlikely. It may not prove too difficult to bludgeon the Maltese into temporary quiescence: indeed, Malta, with its small area and lack of cover, might prove a model battle-ground for the policy of violence which has been so singularly unsuccessful on the less amenable terrain of Cyprus. But if the Colonial Secretary has been advised that a campaign of colonial repression will alienate from their following the leaders against whom it is directed, one can only suppose that our man in Malta must be of the same calibre as our man in Havana.

The Macharia Trial

The decision to prosecute Rawson Macharia on the charge of committing perjury in his recent affidavit, which alleged that he had been suborned by the Kenya authorities to give false evidence at the Kenyatta trial, is to be deplored. This is far from saying that he will not get a fair trial: he probably will. Still less is it to claim in advance of the evidence that he is innocent: that remains to be seen. The objections to the trial are two. First, that the only evidence which can be given is that which is strictly and narrowly relevant, not to the background of the Kenyatta trial, but to the actual indictment against Macharia. Indeed the very rules of evidence which serve to protect Macharia may very well lead to the suppression in court of evidence which would be strictly relevant to the more important mystery of what took place at Kenyatta's trial. Secondly, should Macharia be convicted, after however just and exemplary a trial, few Africans will believe that his conviction is not another example of settler politics and racial bias. Moreover, once Macharia's guilt or innocence has been established by judicial process, it will be far more difficult (if not virtually impossible) for the same facts to be raked over yet again by an outside tribunal, which would not be limited by the same tightly drawn rules of evidence. The unpalatable fact must be stated that, on the substantial issue of whether or not Kenyatta was framed, moderate opinion all over the world will accept the findings only of a tribunal which is obviously independent of both the Kenya government and the Colonial Office.

Despair in Central Africa

The aggressive tactics of Dr Hastings Banda, the doctor from London and Ghana, who returned to his native Nyasaland six months ago, are clearly timed to influence the new constitution, due early next year. Impatient with the failure of his own people and their fellows in Northern Rhodesia to influence either the British or federal governments through constitutional means, Banda is vociferously demanding *kwaca* or 'freedom' and an immediate end to Nyasaland's participation in federation. In doing so he is exposing two basic and dangerous weaknesses in the African position in Central Africa. First, there is no reasoned alternative proposed to federation which can feed the people of Nyasaland. Dr Banda may use demagogic phrases, but these will not fill the economic void which would yawn before an independent Nyasaland. Secondly, there is little or no common front between the Africans of the three federated territories. The Nyasas are probably completely solid in demanding withdrawal, but already Harry Nkumbula from Northern Rhodesia has chided Dr Banda for being prepared to leave Northern Rhodesia in the lurch. This lack of unity and organisation should concern Britain. If we are to fulfil our trust to the British-protected Africans, we need them as our partners in facing the conflicts which lie ahead with the federal government. The attitude of the governments of Southern Rhodesia and Northern Rhodesia in declaring Dr Banda a prohibited emigrant simply aggravates the situation, offers him martyrdom and invites even greater extremism.

NEXT WEEK

From my Chinese Diary

A further article by R. H. S. Crossman

Shall We Help Gaitskell?

A series of pre-election articles by different contributors will appear under this title during the next few months. The first, next week, is by Paul Johnson

Filibuster Under Fire

As the new Congress meets in Washington this week, with the Democrats firmly in control of House and Senate, the liberals are making another attempt to break the veto power of the South. By means of a filibuster in the Senate, and through adroit use of the Rules Committee in the House, the southern bloc has been able to obstruct both civil rights legislation and measures of social reform. The present proposal is to change the rules of the Senate so that, after eight weeks of debate, a majority can decide to bring a bill to the vote. This is a very moderate change, but it would mean that Senators from the South cannot obstruct a bill indefinitely. The move may not succeed, but its chances are better than on previous occasions, because there are now more liberals in the Senate and they will get some help from Republicans: the reactionary alliance between Dixiecrats and conservative Republicans, which has dominated the Senate for so long, is broken on this issue by the need of Republicans for Negro votes. Where the Senate can talk an issue out, the conservatives who have controlled the Rules Committee in the House simply refuse to report out a bill which they dislike. The liberals now suggest that the 21-day rule, which had a short life in the 1949-50 session when Mr Truman was trying to get the Fair Deal through, should be revived. This would enable the chairman of a committee which has already reported a bill to the Rules Committee – which decides when and in what form it shall go on to the floor – to call it out for a vote if it has been held up for more than three weeks.

Fabian Prison Reform

What is the influence of a Fabian Society pamphlet? The question is prompted by *Prison Reform Now*, written by Mr Howard Jones, who is Lecturer in Social Studies at Leicester University. If the effect of Mr Jones's pamphlet could be proportionate to its wisdom, penology would have moved appreciably forward, though not so far as might be expected from his prefatory dismissal of earlier reformers (Bentham, Paterson, Margery Fry?) as having based their policies on 'moral indignation, and a lay and sometimes rather naive

psychology'. His most interesting proposal, though he claims no originality here, is that every prison sentence should be the decision – he calls it the diagnosis – of a 'treatment authority' composed of qualified social science specialists, working with first-class clinical facilities. If treatment is to be the aim of a reformed prison system, he says, it is irrational to retain a sentencing procedure which has little or no concern with treatment as such. 'Diagnosis,' in fact, 'will need to be continuous throughout a sentence.' Fears that this might jeopardise the due process of law and the liberties of the individual he counters by pointing out how much power we already safely repose in entrusting to the Prison Commissioners the modification of sentences. He has sweeping (and expensive) proposals for the building of 12 new prisons and the adaptation of 30 country mansions. But he does not explore the idea of using prison much less and probation much more, or of compensation for victims as a means to make the offender work his own way back to social acceptance.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The End of Press Freedom ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Among the plethora of decrees published in the last fortnight is one designed to 'protect the authority' of the President of the Republic. This replaces an old law, under which Presidents Auriol and Coty were protected from vicious or scandalous personal attacks in the press. The old law was vague and seldom enforced; moreover, it was based on the assumption that the President was a symbolic national figure, who must at all costs be raised above the muddy waters of partisan politics. The new decree is explicit: it provides severe penalties, not only for critical articles but even for cartoons thought to detract from the President's dignity. The new President, in addition, is not a mere symbolic figure. He possesses wide political powers, and is intimately associated with the personnel and policies of the government. The latter, therefore, will now enjoy a considerable degree of protection from press criticism.

There are already signs that the government intends to take full advantage of this political censorship. For Christmas, *Pathé*, the newsreel company, asked two well-known humorists, Poiret and Serrault, to produce a funny film about the events of 1958 which took place in an imaginary country, strongly resembling France. The film, which lasted five minutes, was due for general release on the evening of 23 December. That afternoon, the police received orders to seize all copies throughout France, on the grounds that the film was 'offensive to the President of the Republic'. When it was discovered that de Gaulle was still premier, and that the new law could not, therefore, be enforced on his behalf before 8 January, the Minister of the Interior was unabashed. He simply had the charge changed to 'an attempt against the integrity of the national territory' (thus completed the physical identification of the General with France).

The General, therefore, is now sacrosanct. What about his subordinates? On Christmas Eve, a police inspector called on M Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, publisher of *L'Express*, to inform him that M Guillaumat, the Defence Minister, had decided to take criminal proceedings against him for an article published in September. For some time, it has been understood that any reference to torture practised by the army in Algeria would invoke the charge of 'undermining the morale of the army'. M Servan-Schreiber had therefore carefully refrained from making any such reference; he had confined himself to criticising the political activities of Generals Salan and Massu, and the colonels of their entourage. It now seems clear, therefore, that any remarks made about the conduct of senior officers are 'illegal'.

The deputies, too, are taking steps to protect themselves from political criticism. On the first day the new Assembly met, a right-wing deputy, M de Benouville (who is himself a journalist, publisher of *Jours de France*) put down a written question asking for measures to be taken to protect deputies against attacks 'in certain papers'. M Chaban-Delmas, as soon as he was elected Speaker, replied that he was in process of drawing up a law which would give the questioner 'entire satisfaction'.

What is more, the press will not even be able to criticise judicial decisions taken under these new regulations. In the new penal code, Article 226 states: 'Whoever publicly, by acts, speech or writings seeks to throw discredit on any jurisdictional decision . . . shall be punished by either or both six months' imprisonment and a fine of 50,000 to two million francs.' This will effectively prevent any discussion of verdicts reached in civil or military tribunals. Maître Maurice Garçon, the doyen of French legal pundits, has described this article as a return to the Middle Ages, when the courts were held in secret. Under it, he argued, the revision of the Dreyfus case, which was brought about entirely through criticism in the press of the original verdict, could never have taken place.

Bonn

No Experiments

Our Correspondent writes: The Federal German Republic enters 1959 full of hope – one may almost say, of enthusiasm – about its economic prospects, but uncertain as to what will happen to its political aspirations during the coming year. Such optimism is justified. Prices have remained stable, there has been little labour unrest, savings stand at an all-time high, rates of interest have fallen; so have taxes, including income tax. The mark remains one of the strongest currencies, there is a favourable balance of trade, foreign investments are increasing monthly, and the republic has no fears about the economic consequences of the Common Market.

In internal politics, 1958 was almost a second election year. In five of the states (*Laender*), elections were held, and Chancellor Adenauer succeeded in regaining control by his own party (Christian Democratic Union) of the *Landtag*, in the wealthiest and most powerful of them, North-Rhineland-Westphalia. He failed in Hesse and in West Berlin to defeat the Social Democrats. On the whole, however, these elections showed once again the Chancellor's tactical gifts, and the Social Democratic concentration upon foreign rather than upon home policy reacted in his favour. He has not, however, been as happy about foreign policy developments. The changes of the past 12 months have upset rather than consolidated the Chancellor's plans. He would have liked to apply here, as in domestic affairs, his 'no experiments' policy. For Bonn is the last place in which to expect any new ideas or any flexibility regarding possibilities of a working compromise with the USSR. Stand up to the Russians, remain tough and all will be well, is the general impression left after official utterances about East-West relations.

The Krushchev statement about Berlin was, therefore, a definite shock, especially when accompanied by a strange statement from Mr Dulles about the chances of recognising East German frontier guards on the international highway to Berlin. Whereas Mayor Brandt went to Paris early in December, with an open mind on the future treatment of the German problem, such an attitude was seen here as weakness, and it has been assumed in some hitherto unexplained way that everything will come right in the end. There also appears less willingness to explore the various proposals for disengagement in central and east Europe than earlier. Also, the chances of a West German-Polish understanding are far less today than they seemed a year ago. Probably, the cooling off, in whatever enthusiasm there was, came with Mikoyan's visit to Bonn. He then made it clear that the USSR was interested in better relations between the Federal Republic and Poland only to the extent that this would improve East Germany's chances of diplomatic recognition.

Washington

Hopeful Hubert

An aspect of the new Congress that promises much in the way of interest, and possibly entertainment, is the fact that for several Democratic Senators the session will be a curtain-raiser for the presidential convention. The need to make a splash is perhaps not acute for Senator Kennedy, who has been successfully working for two years to imprint his pleasant personality on the public mind, or for Senator Symington, who is evidently counting on a quiet appeal as a compromise candidate plus the support of Harry Truman. But Hubert Horatio Humphrey is in a different case altogether. Long a favourite of the liberals – he was once chairman of Americans for Democratic Action – he has just a year to project himself in presidential dimensions if he seriously hopes for the nomination.

No one who talks with Humphrey for ten minutes doubts that he has such hopes, though he is exceedingly careful to keep them officially undeclared. To seek the nomination openly at this point would be to expose himself to a prolonged raking fire, directed at his alleged radicalism and calculated to bring him to the convention as a candidate hopelessly stamped 'controversial'. Better by far to stick to his Senatorial knitting and at the same time convey an impression of the young statesman who, as it happens, combines vigour, imagination, knowledge and balance in the right proportions.

Mellowed and polished by ten years in the Senate, Humphrey at 47 is by now equipped to convey that impression. Without yielding any of his basic positions, he has shown himself a skilled political operator, and the timing and reporting of his recent marathon talk with Krushchev have given him the biggest push he has yet had in the direction of the White House. That eight-hour conversation in the Kremlin made him a

week's sensation in Washington, where he was invited, successively, to brief the Central Intelligence Agency, the Atomic Energy Commission, the State Department, and the President. The most articulate of men, the Senator from Minnesota gave an impressive performance, winning the thanks of the Republican Administration for his 'informal diplomacy', as well as packed press conferences, television appearances and prophetic comment by political columnists from coast to coast. A wild journal of the far right even circulated the 'tip' that Krushchev had singled out Humphrey for his favour and, overnight, made him a candidate.

In view of his record, absurdity could hardly go further. Along with Senator Douglas of Illinois, Humphrey was responsible a few years ago for one of the most drastic anti-Communist bills ever enacted into law, and he is one of the few liberals who never, at any time, was softened by a siren song from Moscow. At the same time, he can rise above his anti-Communism to recognise the dangers of nuclear testing; to take the lead in framing a sane approach to disarmament; and to promote 'competitive co-existence'.

A fair example of Humphrey's combination of the shrewd, the imaginative and the idealistic is his approach to the problem of China in the United Nations. Unwilling to take the politically suicidal position of advocating membership for the Peking regime, he has been quietly pointing out the desirability of trying to ease Nationalist China out of the Security Council. Sooner or later, and in spite of the United States, he suggests privately, Communist China will be admitted and will automatically succeed to permanent membership on the Council. Why not anticipate that event, and frustrate the Chinese Communists, by reassigning the Council seat to India right now – or at least try to? Asia would still have top representation, India would doubtless appreciate the high compliment, even if the move didn't succeed, and Moscow and Peking could object only at the cost of alienating the world's leading neutralist power. The whole diplomatic coup, moreover, could be brought off without even riding an aeroplane.

ROBERT BENDINER

Belgrade

The Neutral Journey

Bruce Renton writes from Belgrade: Co-operation among the uncommitted nations is the aim of Tito's visit to Egypt and the countries of South-East Asia. The Yugoslav President is undertaking this journey to give new impetus to his policy of 'active co-existence' in the areas where Chinese propaganda is spreading the story that Yugoslavia is the 'stooge of imperialism'. Tito's trip is obviously unpopular with both the Russians and the Chinese, who have been trying to diminish his influence in those countries on the grounds that friendship with Tito implies an 'anti-bloc' policy.

The Soviet bloc uses different tactics to denigrate Yugoslavia in Europe and South-East Asia. The Russo-Chinese ideological attacks are reserved for European audiences: the Asian countries are less interested in ideology than in practical politics. Thus the Russians are using economic aid to link the new nations of the Middle East and of South-East Asia to the Soviet bloc. Yugoslavia could, in her trade relations, obtain better material from the US, but prefers to export her own tools and machinery in exchange for raw materials to the new, uncommitted nations. This is a revival of the idea of a third world market, the market of the neutral countries, and it is aimed at keeping countries like Ceylon and Indonesia out of the eastern bloc.

The aim of Russo-Chinese policy has been to isolate Yugoslavia. Tito's visit to Nasser, and the political importance attached to it even in the UAR, shows that the Russians and the Chinese have achieved exactly the opposite result.

Meanwhile the Yugoslavs are watching developments inside the Soviet bloc with intense interest. During the last month the Soviet attacks on Yugoslavia have diminished. At the same time the Russians are going ahead with certain internal reforms which the Yugoslavs view with great interest and approval. They look forward to the 21st Congress of the CPSU as a congress aimed at raising the standard of living of the peoples of the USSR. Today the chief concern of the Yugoslav leaders is also to raise the standard of living of the Yugoslav people. The creation of the system of peasant communities in China has horrified the Yugoslav people, whether they are party members or ordinary citizens. This, they say, means slavery for the next two generations of Chinese: this is not the Communism in which we believe.

The Yugoslavs believe that there are today vast differences between the Chinese and Krushchev. The Chinese are insisting on the economic unity of the Socialist bloc, and are thought to have told Krushchev that it is disloyal for him to chase the American standard of living while conditions are still primitive in China. The 21st Congress of the CPSU will thus, indirectly, illustrate the Soviet ideological clash with the Chinese. It will be Krushchev's reply to the Chinese request that Russian living standards be held down in order to help the development of China.

The suspension of Soviet credits to Yugoslavia is having a serious effect on the national economy, and the Yugoslavs are today obliged to postpone the construction of new industries that have been included in the 1957-1961 Five-Year Plan. The Yugoslavs are looking anxiously towards the UK for a loan to fill the gap. The unofficial figure of £3m, which was quoted in London after the visit of Mr Koca Popovic, caused resentment here. As an official of the Foreign Ministry unofficially pointed out to me: 'If Yugoslavia requests a loan, it is because she needs money, not a "beautiful gesture". Yugoslavia could repay the loan, and with interest. £20 million would be nearer the required sum. We want to build a factory, not the chimney of a factory.'

Fleet Street

Sophisticated Snobs

A struggle of some interest – and possibly even of some social significance – is now taking place among those women's periodicals which tend to be read by ordinary mortals only at the barber or the dentist, but which are still 'must-reading' for debutantes with any claim to literacy. The question which is rocking them may be briefly expressed in seven words: how intelligent is it fashionable to be? *Vogue*, still the leader in this field, has always accepted the obligation to treat its readers as possessed of a certain intelligence.

Until recently the rest of them, *Queen*, *Tatler*, *Sketch*, and so on, have been more concerned with glamour than philosophy, cosmetics than conversation, and lineage than literacy. For most of their readers, a large part of their appeal has been that highly durable quality in the English scene, snob appeal. Over the last year or two, however, a change has been taking place, mainly as a result of the activities of a young man named Jocelyn Stevens (a nephew of Sir Edward Hulton) who acquired control of the *Queen* early in 1957 and who, after allowing himself a certain amount of time to learn the business, has recently set about trying to revolutionise the glossy-magazine world, with some remarkable results. The revolution is a bloodless one of course. Mr Stevens is not out to make the *Queen* fit for the masses. He has his eye strictly on an AB circulation. The only women that interest him, journalistically speaking, are those with incomes – their own or their husbands' – of £3,000 a year and upward. He does not want to take the shine out of the glossy magazines, he merely wants to give one of them a deeper polish. His thesis, in fact, is that the magazine which recognises that the wives of successful men should sound smart as well as look smart has a great future ahead of it in an age in which women have more time than men to be cultured. This is to some extent, of course, an American thesis, although, oddly enough, not one to which the most successful of American magazine publishers, Mr Henry Luce, has paid a great deal of attention. *Life* magazine, indeed, is now in some danger of being overhauled by *Look* because, claim some of the more professionally intelligent members of *Life's* staff, *Life* has failed consistently to take due cognisance of women's interests.

Under Mr Stevens's direction, therefore, the *Queen* has been edited with the idea that the sophisticated and fashionable woman now wants to know not only about clothes, food and society weddings, but also about art, music, books and public affairs. So far the hunch seems to be paying off. In the last few months, at a time when most magazine sales have been dipping, the *Queen* has put on nearly 10,000 circulation (it is published fortnightly at 2s.), has greatly increased its advertising revenue and has had a remarkable success with a number of special issues devoted to a single theme, such as its bumper Christmas issue on 'The Unchanging Face of Britain'. This carried articles by various accepted authors like A. L. Rowse and a succession of superb photographs. Pictorially, indeed, the *Queen* is aiming at filling part of the gap left by the death of *Picture Post* – and particularly *Picture Post* in its early days. It also aims at providing for the British market some of the things that *Life* and *Paris Match* provide for theirs. It has, for example, just bought the British rights in a superb picture story of China by Cartier Bresson, which these two papers are also serialising. And it is going to a good deal of editorial trouble to attract writers with a sense of style and an ability to take a cool and not too orthodox look at the social scene.

It will probably be another year at least before a final judgment on the success of this experiment in the new snobbism can be given. Much may depend on the extent to which Stevens and the small group he has gathered around him feel capable of taking real risks. They have not yet felt able to drop the interminable society wedding and hunt ball pictures which have been for so long one of their main supports. They do, however, now sometimes try to give them a somewhat more sophisticated angle. The magazine is not yet all of one piece; but it is an interesting experiment and one that I find is being watched with a good deal of attention by the brighter professional spirits in magazine publishing in America and on the Continent. Although I doubt whether even Mr Stevens's *Queen* is likely to be my own particular cup of tea I applaud both his technical innovations and his efforts to bring new life into an old trade. If we have to be snobs, let us by all means be sophisticated ones.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

LOVE LOCKED OUT
AFTER ANNA LEA MERRITT

THE SCAPEGOAT
AFTER HOLMAN HUNT

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN
AFTER SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

THE SPIRIT OF THE SUMMIT
AFTER LORD LEIGHTON

From the VICKY collection of British paintings for Russia

A Charter for Mental Health

THERE are few surprises in the government's Mental Health Bill published this week. It follows fairly closely the recommendations of the Royal Commission on the Law Relating to Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency, which reported some 18 months ago. It is a tribute both to the Royal Commission and to growing public enlightenment, that their proposals, far-reaching in many respects, have proved acceptable both to those most closely concerned and to public opinion. This favourable reception has encouraged the government to take a significant step towards liberalisation of the law. In legislating for mental disorder an inevitable conflict has always arisen between public safety and the civil rights of the individual. For a century or more the balance has been steadily shifting towards personal liberty, and the present Bill, while retaining reasonable safeguards for the public, carries the process still further.

Certification, as was expected, is to disappear. The decision to detain an unwilling patient will be a purely medical decision, and the recommendation will require the signatures of two doctors, one of whom must be a psychiatrist. The efforts of a small medical rearguard to retain the magistrate in the picture have been scotched. Admission to and discharge from hospital will be for most patients completely informal, as in the case of physical illness. For the compulsory patient discharge procedures are greatly simplified, and safeguards against improper detention substantially strengthened. Mental Health Review Tribunals in each hospital region should ensure a fair hearing and reasonable parity of treatment.

There are no longer to be 'designated' mental hospitals and thus the existing obligation of such a hospital to admit any certified patient from its catchment area is automatically extinguished. As the Bill stands this could lead to difficulties. It is hard enough today for a doctor to obtain an ordinary hospital bed for an elderly chronic sick patient, even in an emergency. Fears have been expressed that a similar situation may arise in future with the violent or difficult mental patient, whom no hospital may want. It would be simple enough to find a convincing excuse for refusing admission. There should be a duty somewhere, if not on the hospital then perhaps on the regional board, to ensure that a suitable bed is always available for the urgent case.

The main weaknesses of the Bill is its failure to implement one of the most important recommendations of the Royal Commission, relating to community care. It has long been recognised that, given adequate out-patient facilities, day hospitals, occupation centres and hostels, many persons suffering from mental disorder need not enter a mental hospital. When the provisions of the Bill come into full effect there will also be many more ex-patients in the community who are subnormal or who remain ill to a greater or lesser degree. The Royal Commission took the logical course of recommending that the duty of looking after such persons in the community should be placed upon the local health authorities. These authorities already possess wide permissive powers in the field of mental after-care and prevention.

It was precisely because few authorities make use of their powers that the Commissioners proposed to make the duties mandatory. This the Bill fails to do, for reasons which are all too obvious. The introduction of the block grant to local authorities ensures that any new service can only be undertaken at the expense either of existing services or of the rates. Without providing adequate financial help outside the block grant, the government could hardly insist that local authorities develop a community care service on the lines proposed by the Royal Commission. So the powers remain permissive, and a great social advance is sacrificed on the altar of reactionary economic policy.

In other less significant respects the Bill improves on the Royal Commission's recommendations. The courts are permitted, after hearing medical evidence, to order compulsory care and treatment without first convicting the offender. (One detects Mr Butler's hand here.) In adding a fourth category of patient, the subnormal under the age of 21, to the three proposed by the Royal Commission, the Bill repairs a potentially serious omission in the report. Finally, the government is to be congratulated not only on withstanding strong pressures to exclude the psychopath as such from its legislation, but on insisting upon a definition of psychopathic disorder, contrary to the recommendation of the Royal Commission. As a definition it will not satisfy everybody, but it is probably about as good as we shall get.

The new Bill makes a clean sweep of existing legislation, no fewer than 54 Acts being repealed in whole or in part. The old terminology, associated in the public's mind with stigma, goes, and with it the Board of Control, which has outlived its purpose. The stage is set for an entirely new approach to the most serious, and most neglected, health problem of our day. But legislation is only a beginning. If we are to tackle the problem in the radical way it demands, a concerted effort by the government, the local authorities, the medical and nursing professions and the general public is needed. A great deal of money will have to be spent. The dividend in purely economic terms would be substantial. In terms of human happiness it would be incalculable.

KENNETH ROBINSON

The People's Communes

A FEW weeks after I returned from China last September, a controversy broke out about the real significance of the People's Communes. Normally I would not pit my hasty observations against the conclusions of the experts. But I seem to be almost the only Englishman who has actually visited three of these Communes; and, since I took very full notes each day, I have thought it worth while to summarise what I saw and heard.

The three Communes I saw were within 30 miles of three big cities – Tientsin in the north; Changchow just south of the Yellow River; and Wuhan on the Yangtse. But, judged by the appalling dust tracks over which we bumped, and the primitiveness of the villages we traversed, they could have been hundreds of miles out of town. Each consisted of a whole rural district – I will call them T, C and W for convenience – and their populations were 85,000, 65,000 and 54,000 respectively. In each case the whole district had been turned into a Commune by the simple device of nationalising all private property – outside the house and garden; winding up the 50 or 60 *Kolkhoz* and appointing a central committee to run everything, including the economy, the administration and even the militia.

By the time I got there the population had been divided into work brigades, headed by brigadiers and containing 3,000 to 4,000 souls. When I complained that this broke up village life, I was told in T: 'Our aim is to substitute a more rational unit of production for the village. The creation of these large work brigades will enable us, for example, to put several thousand workers on to industry for most of the year and yet to concentrate all our labour force on rice planting during the crucial weeks'. In this Commune the vast green sea of rice, rippling in the sunshine as far as the eye could see, was something to be proud of. I was shown an experimental plot over which blue electric light bulbs were dangling in order to enable it to grow by night as well as by day. 'We read that they were trying this in Russia,' I was told in the village nearby. At this moment I saw on a mud hut the standard symbol – the superb Chinese horse jumping over the horrid little dwarf with the Union Jack across his stomach – of the 'Surpass Britain' campaign.

'What is written there?' I asked.

'Overleap Britain in Three Years,' I was told.

'But 15 years is the official target.'

'Maybe. But with our electric light we can surpass British rice production, in three years'.

At W I saw another example of these brigades at work in 'surpassing Britain'. Iron ore had been found on a conical hill overlooking the Yangtse, and the leadership had here decided to employ 220 men and women hacking the ore out of the hillside with picks and crowbars. At the bottom of the hill I ran into some hundreds of others constructing 15 primitive smelting furnaces out of mud and stone, and another group making excellent firebricks. When I asked how the labour could be spared from the fields, I was told it would be switched back for the cotton picking and the sweet potato harvest.

'But wouldn't these fellows prefer to be employed at the big new steel works in Wuhan?' I asked. The reply was sharp.

'It is now illegal for the towns to steal our labour. No one leaves here without our permission. We decide what work the people do.'

* * *

Who were these peasant leaders? In each Commune I was informed that the committee had been elected by a show of hands at simultaneous meetings. It was emphasised that the only whole-time officials were the chairman and his deputy; everybody else on the committee had to work half-time in the fields or in industry. In contrast with what I had seen in Russia, moreover, there was no question of the peasants' being controlled by university experts or party bosses. No leader with whom I talked had been a Communist before 1949: indeed, all had been illiterate peasants. Now they struck me as self-confident men of action. Each had his facts most impressively marshalled in his notebook, and there were plenty of newspapers and magazines – but not a book – to be seen in their offices. None of them felt the need for trained experts in taking the countless daily decisions.

I was told in T that the total number of educated people was about 30, including three vets. Yet they were able to show me a dam whose construction they had just completed. And when I asked who had drawn up the plans, I was told that the school-mistress had copied the dam out of a chapter in a textbook brought back by one of their children from the Technical High School in Tientsin. I checked on all this very

carefully as we sat in a teahouse under the trees beside the dam. No, they had had no other help from the authorities above them and no interference either, except for formal approval of the site they had selected – which, by the way, was well outside the area of the Commune. The work had been done by co-operation between a group of *Kolkhoz* before the Commune was formed. Everything was home-made – including the cement and the iron work – apart from the old engine in the power-house. That, as I saw for myself, was British, dated 1874, and had been brought home by a delegation which had found it in Harbin.

In both the other Communes I visited I found similar evidence of local peasant initiative. When I was taken to see the furnaces at W, I was at once surrounded by scores of men, women and children, clapping their hands and laughing, as they described how they had just contributed all their home cooking utensils to be melted down in the furnaces for the Surpass Britain campaign. 'And how did you learn about smelting?' I asked, and was told that two literate peasants had walked six miles to another village and taken a rought note of what its iron works looked like. This was the sole paper work.

'But is the iron you are turning out any good?' I asked.

'So far it lacks one marble-like ingredient,' I was told, 'but we have sent men scouring the country to find it.'

In C the enterprise was not dam-building or iron-smelting but for making machinery. Here there were 19,000 people working on the land and only a thousand in industry. But in 1958 the value of the industrial product had already surpassed that of agricultural produce. No wonder it had been decided to switch 4,000 more workers into industry! I was taken to see the largest factory, which employed 170 people, making agricultural implements. I found it to be a spacious yard, with a big tree in the middle and lean-tos all round – obviously once part of a landlord's farm buildings. On one side I found the carpenters' shop – 50 or 60 peasants busily making office furniture for the Commune, as well as a new sweet potato slicer, which they had invented and hoped to market. Across the yard were five smithies, with, outside them, a number of the new improved ploughs – some ten inches had been added to the ploughshare for deep ploughing. Beyond were furnaces and the usual pile of surrendered cooking utensils.

In a corner I spotted five old ladies sitting in a circle and asked what they were doing. 'That,' I was told, 'is the ball-bearing section.' Sure enough, a thin iron rod had been cut into slices a centimetre thick, and each old lady was rounding a slice with a pestle and mortar, while a couple of boys were polishing the finished article. 'They aren't up to much yet and they don't last very long in our cartwheels,' I was told.

'But why not buy really modern agricultural machinery from the new tractor factory less than a hundred miles away?' I asked.

'What they make in the towns is far too complicated and too expensive for us,' I was told. 'Anyway, we cannot wait.'

* * *

Certainly the implements they were producing were admirably suited to the agricultural methods enjoined for the leap forward. The party directive has four requirements – more irrigation, deeper ploughing, closer planting and increased use of home-made fertiliser. In each Commune I was loaded with statistics about the year's first harvest and then shown the second harvest ripening in the fields. At C, which is in Honan Province where the 1958 wheat harvest is a record, this led to a tiff. I was imprudent enough to remark that presumably the weather had something to do with their success.

'No,' I was told haughtily; 'there is no justification for your assertion that our wheat production this year had anything to do with the weather. From the spring on we had a series of most difficult climatic conditions and our record achievement is entirely due to technological advance, Communist leadership and the hard work of the toilers.'

'Even if farmers were to believe this in my country,' I said, 'they would regard it as inauspicious to deny providence part of the credit' – to which I received the reply: 'In Communist China we have abolished superstition.'

Such retorts tended to make me sceptical. Yet one had only to look out of the train window day by day to realise that, though Chinese statistics are by no means to be relied on, the 1958 harvests are immense. And it is difficult to deny that this is largely due to improved techniques, which in turn, ironically enough, are bound to produce large-scale rural unemployment. Indeed, the main justification for the primitive industrialisation which I saw in the Communes is surely the employment it provides for those made redundant by technological advance. How much more sensible to proceed in this fashion, encouraging the peasants to learn for themselves, take their own decisions and carry out their own industrial revolution than to drag them (as the Russians attempted to do) in one leap from the medieval sickle straight up to the combine harvester.

* * *

What about living conditions in the Communes? On each visit I was able to select a village for inspection and to spend a couple of hours visiting the cottages, schools and canteens. In T, for example, I asked an elderly peasant whether he minded forfeiting his holding in the *Kolkhoz*, as well as giving up his private piece of land and private livestock. 'We work too hard and too long here,' he replied, 'to manage a private plot.' And when I asked him what he had got left, he replied, 'My house, my garden, my trees and my fowls'.

At W I visited the cottage of a fisherman and found it roomy and comfortable, with fine pottery and woodwork hanging on the wall. I asked the fisherman's mother whether she approved of the proposal to destroy the village and move all the people into 'high houses' built along the big new tarmac road which has been planned. 'I find your cottage,' I said, 'more homelike than the workers' barracks which I visited in the towns.' She laughed me to scorn. 'Our chairman here can have this house as a free gift tomorrow,' she said, 'if he will move me into a high house, fit for modern, progressive people', and the crowd who had formed by the door laughed at the representative of dying capitalism, who seemed to prefer mud huts to modern houses.

So, too, with communal cooking and education. Every village I visited was equipped with a crèche, a kindergarten, a primary school and several canteens – with the result that women were out at work and the labour force had been doubled. Of course, a foreigner who knows no Chinese must be wary on this subject, but I saw no sign that family life was being destroyed. Families were sleeping, as usual, in one bed; and I do not believe that communal feeding will destroy a relation with the children as tenacious and affectionate as any I have seen. In each of the three Communes there were literally hundreds of canteens of very varied kinds. In one village at T, I found that only the rice was cooked communally, each family supplying its own meat and vegetables. In W, on the other hand, feeding had been completely communised and all payment had been abolished – on condition, of course, that father and mother both did their stint. Finally, I found no evidence of any revolution in burial customs. True, there was no religious institution open in any of the Communes I visited. But when I asked about death, I was informed that, though cremation is more progressive, burial is still the mode. 'We are making so many big changes,' one chairman said to me, 'it would be silly to upset our people with trivial changes of habit.'

To this account of what I saw for myself, I would only add some comments made to me by a high official of the State Planning Commission on my return to Peking. To my question whether they had anticipated and planned for the People's Communes, he replied that, even as late as last spring, no one had foreseen the movement. It had started in Honan Province, and Chairman Mao had gone down to study it personally. After this, news of the Communes was published in the newspapers and suddenly, as happens in China, the idea caught on and everyone wanted to do the same thing at the same time. 'You misunderstand our planning,' he added. 'A planned economy does not mean keeping all the economic forces in mechanical balance. The planner's job is to spot signs of imminent unbalance in time to deal with it; and the process of economic development consists of the achievement of balance, the breaking of balance, the achievement of new balance, and so on. We failed to spot the People's Communes, but we are now working out the way to even out this uneven development. But I should add that what you have seen is a temporary phenomenon. As soon as we have built powerful modern industry, we shall impose modern efficiency on the countryside.'

I am inclined to believe this statement and to conclude that the movement for the People's Communes did indeed come not from a remote official stratosphere but from that hard puritan elite of peasant Communists who have emerged in their tens of thousands through the countryside. If I am right, this episode confirms that Chinese Communism still remains a dynamic mass movement and that its leaders still respond to pressure from below.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Even in the flea circus times have changed. I talked to flea impresario Alfred Testo.

'We used to get fleas from crane-drivers' socks in a Hartlepools steel works,' he said. 'Now, with all these disinfectants about, we have to advertise for them in the papers.'—*Evening Standard.* (Martin Green.)

Mr Scotland referred to the children's knowledge of current affairs and its expression in terms of hero worship, which, he said, placed Sir Winston Churchill first, followed by 'mother', Mr Elvis Presley and the Pope.—*The Times.* (J. Payne.)

The village of Stone in Buckinghamshire, which straddles the main Aylesbury-Oxford road, recently asked for a speed limit. The application was turned down on the grounds that there had not been enough accidents there yet.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian.* (D. Cashmore.)

For years I have claimed Income Tax allowance as a married man, although I am single. I now wish to marry but am afraid to do so in case the tax men find out. What is your advice?—Letter in the *People.* (R. K. Schiller.)

London Diary

You must be dead if your imagination is not stirred by the Soviet's moon rocket. Science fiction is no longer fiction; space travel to Venus and Mars may well be possible within the next 25 years. There is, of course, a lot to be done first. To establish a robot (carefully sterilised) on the moon, able regularly to communicate with the earth, is probably the next stage. Then a new method of propulsion may have to be found to carry to the moon the great weight of material necessary for a permanent station of men who will operate telescopes in an air-conditioned dome and (no doubt with the cartoonists' familiar space helmets on their heads) fire off rockets to other planets. The problem of a safe return to earth has also to be solved. But how would man benefit by this fantastic adventure? The astronomical advantages of operating unhampered by the blanket of air that surrounds the earth will be incalculable. But the real point is that mankind is offered a new start. In Russia, anyway – and why should we not share it? – young men have the excitement of limitless new worlds to explore. A similar excitement was felt by Europeans – and then largely turned to evil – when the Americas were discovered four and a half centuries ago.

* * *

Need we really waste this new opportunity as if we were so many 16th-century British and Spanish buccaneers fighting for mastery of the New World? It happens that Bertrand Russell discusses the dangers of a *War on the Moon* in the opening chapter of his *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare* (which is published this week and reviewed elsewhere in this issue). He quotes a new Russian book about the prospect of a moon rocket, and says that the tone is 'the reverse of warlike'. It is concerned 'to stimulate love of adventure and the hope of scientific triumph over material obstacles'. No doubt the Russians are aware of the propagandist and military value of proving that they are technically ahead of the US and can accurately guide intercontinental missiles. But they leave it to the American military pundits to make fatuous boasts about being able to destroy the Communist world from the moon, which, it never seems to occur to them, the Russians might be the first to occupy. I find myself wholly with Lord Russell when he says that, reading the destructive plans of militarists he finds it very hard to divest himself 'of the emotions of horror and disgust. . . . I can but feel that the men who make these plans are guilty of a kind of impiety'.

* * *

Graham Greene's letters to *The Times* exposing the ignorance of the Foreign Office about the Cuban Revolution have drawn blood. The incident recalls an argument I had with Ernest Bevin immediately after the war. As Foreign Secretary he entertained a group of journalists and officials to lunch at the Foreign Office. This journal had been urging Bevin to appoint a new type of British representative abroad instead of some of the old career officials who were prevented by their whole training and experience from understanding – or indeed having contact with – the new revolutionary governments. To the delight of the officials present, Bevin retorted like a good trade unionist. Career officials had earned their jobs by the sweat of their brow and must not be done out of the plums. Experience has since proved that Bevin lost a great opportunity. Repeated errors in Eastern Europe, the Middle East and now in the Caribbean, provide plenty of examples. In Jordan and Iraq, for instance, any well-informed journalist could – and some did – inform the world of facts which apparently took Whitehall by surprise. In the case of Egypt, I think it was Military Intelligence rather than Foreign Office officials who were disastrously obsessed with the belief that Nasser was a secret Communist. But it was the old-fashioned kind of diplomat who advised Ernest Bevin, in spite of better advice from Delhi, to recognise the three-year-old king of Nepal when the Congress revolution was in the offing. A more recent example is the rebellion in Indonesia, which never had any serious chance of success; the Foreign Office assumed that the rebels would win and that President Soekarno and the government of Indonesia were quickly falling into the hands of the Communists.

* * *

Cuba, as the Foreign Office's laborious explanation in *The Times* made clear, is a classic example. Mr Nixon, who keeps his eyes open when he travels, reported last spring that to back the old regime in Cuba would be a losing gamble, with the result that the State Department left off supplying arms to Batista. (Maybe Nixon, as the Foreign Office suggests, was capable of learning from the popular demonstrations against him in South America – whereby he showed more gumption that Selwyn Lloyd after stones were thrown at him in Bahrein!) The Foreign Office, however, explains that it was reported unofficially in October that the Batista regime was in complete control of Cuba 'except for a small mountainous area in the east' – a statement which, as Graham Greene shows, was so palpably untrue that when he arrived there in October he could find no driver willing to venture more than 'about 80 miles along the main highway from Havana'. One supposes that our representatives stayed in the British Embassy and simply reported to Whitehall whatever the Batista officials told them. In some cases where British policy has been disastrous, notably in Suez, the fault was with Sir Anthony Eden rather than our overseas diplomats. In Cuba we may believe the Foreign Office when it puts the blame on the misleading information that reached it. But is not the moral that the whole foreign service at home and abroad needs spring cleaning?

* * *

I am glad the Labour Party has done something practical about the housing problem of coloured students in London. The hostel for young people which opened last week at 31 Kilburn Park Road, NW6, is worth 50 resolutions against racial discrimination. For one thing, it helps to protect coloured and overseas students from fleecing by avaricious landladies; accommodation in this pleasant Georgian house will cost them only 30 shillings a week and there are facilities for them to do their own catering. Even more important, it will help those students who can't find landladies at all. (A recent survey of potential landladies showed that only 32 per cent. were prepared to take in 'lightly coloured' students, while only 17 per cent. would take Negroes.) But I gather that the last thing the sponsors want is to provide a superior form of segregation; the chief aim is to enable visitors from all parts of the Commonwealth, who are united by the bond of similar political ideas, to live together, and a quota of places will be kept for our own young people. The hostel is the brain-child of the British-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship, which has done useful work since it was formed five years ago in bringing Socialists of all races in this country together and in maintaining contact between the Labour Party and progressive groups overseas.

* * *

ITV staged a discussion last week about the rights and wrongs of the pacifist protest at Swaffham. Goold-Adams (very smooth) defended the missiles as a way of preserving peace; Michael Scott (an inefficient broadcaster) put the pacifist case. General discussion followed, most of the speakers supporting Adams. Viewers were asked to send in postcards saying whether they supported Scott or Goold-Adams. The programme could be seen in Scotland, London and the Isle of Wight. Two hundred and eighteen postcards supported Goold-Adams, 1,142 (84 per cent.) voted for Michael Scott.

* * *

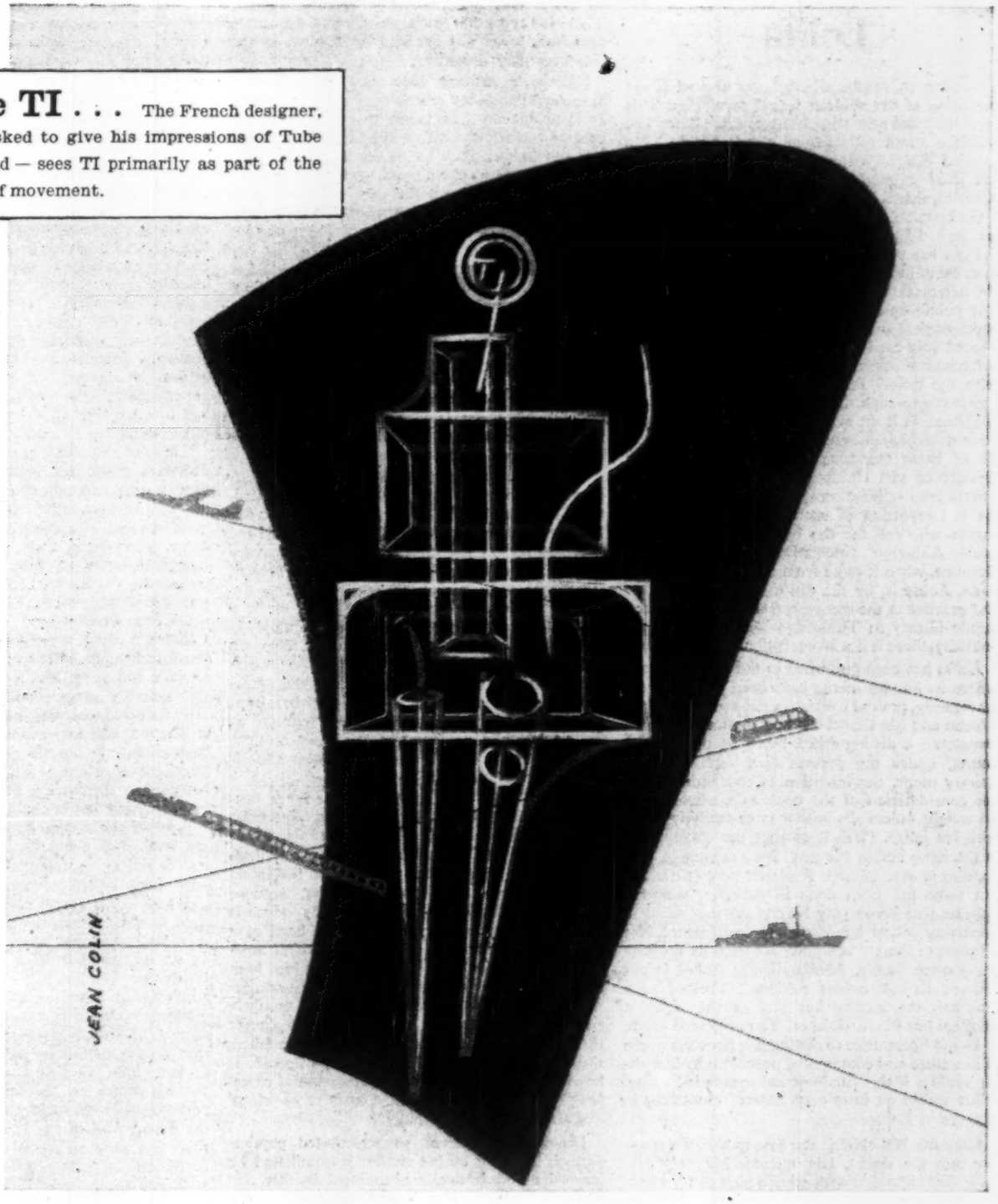
John Osborne did not give the impression at the BBC's Press Conference that he had fully thought out his intellectual position. Thoughtful questioning by Francis Williams revealed that he did not know in what way, if any, Jimmy Porter's sex frustrations were related to his political frustrations. But in general, I think, Osborne showed up well against his questioners. Charles Curran, who bows to all the old imperial gods, looked at him in anger, forgetting his reasonable plea that he should be judged as an artist. Mr Boothroyd of *Punch* felt superior, I thought, to any discontented young man who doesn't know exactly what he is angry about. Thomas Wiseman seemed to me merely envious of Osborne's success. My respect for Osborne grew as the interview went on. Although he fumbled and was uneasily aware that his views might be unpopular, he had the courage to stand by them. He gave an honest reason, for instance, for his criticism of monarchy. If we are serious about our democratic principles, ought not the monarch, in a public address to the Commonwealth, to be honest about the totalitarianism of the South African government?

* * *

It is only because people know that our underground service is generally efficient that something much worse than sit-down strikes have not occurred long ago. The rush-hour is not so fiendish as it is in New York where people are squashed into the carriages with battering rams. But the crush here has grown worse, and the last straw is the increasing habit of turning out tired people, desperately striving to get home, on to platforms remote from their destinations. Those who complain seem to believe that an explanation by loudspeaker would improve matters. They demand more information and better public relations; one exasperated traveller says that although the tubes kill very few people outright, they are shortening the lives of thousands and he recommends playing 'soothing music' to relieve the strain on mental hospitals. The trouble, of course, is caused by the economy drive. One suggestion, that will not meet with favour in the suburbs, is that fares should be put up, which would mainly affect the long-distance travellers; they, it is suggested, should pay more because they are compensated by lower rents and by getting a seat for most of their ride. For my part, I don't see the need for so much economy. Why should not decent transport be subsidised if necessary? The long-distance solution is suggested by the type of lift which is occasionally installed in great public buildings. It moves continuously and you step on and off as you please. Why not substitute for the train service a moving belt to run through the main underground stations?

CRITIC

As I see TI . . . The French designer, Jean Colin — asked to give his impressions of Tube Investments Ltd — sees TI primarily as part of the restless world of movement.



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Lolita

For obscene, read unusual, Shaw argued at the beginning of the modern sexual revolution. This revolution has now completed its first phase. The ballyhoo about an unusual novel, *Lolita*, by a Russian emigré writer, Vladimir Nabokov, who has lived a good time in academic circles in America, marks – as far as literature is concerned – the opening of the next, inevitable phase. *Ulysses* and *The Philanderer* circulate freely, for the law has yielded to public opinion – or, at any rate, some judges have – and descriptions of normal heterosexual love may pass in a popular novel. But public opinion, long influenced by medical, psychological and humane considerations, has advanced very far in willingness to understand the behaviour of sexual aberrants. Has the law moved with the times? It is doubtful. Novelists refer cautiously to such themes. *Lolita* makes an open challenge. It is an explicit, vivid novel about the most wretched, disagreeable, yet gifted and pathetic of these tenacious sufferers: the unhappy seducer of girl children. Naturally it is those people who salivate most freely when they read the full reporting of such cases in their newspapers who call for the banning of the wicked book. Although automatically seized by the Customs, when it came from the Olympia Press in Paris, *Lolita* is, by the confusion of English law and practice at the moment, freely obtainable at a public library in Tunbridge Wells. Despite the publicity, there is not an exceptional demand for it.

Lolita has been published in the United States, where its literary merits have been rightly, if extravagantly, praised by such critics as Mr Edmund Wilson and Mr Lionel Trilling. *Lolita* is a clever, sometimes a distinguished book. In the English courts, under the present law, such items as literary merit, the intention of the author, even the consideration of the book as a whole, carry no weight unless the author is remarkably lucky with his judge. (Will it corrupt the corruptible? is the issue before the jury. No evidence of corruption is ever offered. Research here is difficult but some has been done in America, where it appears that books play hardly any part at all in imparting sexual knowledge or incitement.) Not all cases of literary obscenity are tried by the wise Mr Justice Stable. Above all, the author is not allowed to call expert evidence. Treated as a criminal, the author has few of the rights a criminal has in self-defence. The professed desire of Home Secretaries to distinguish between works of literature and commercial pornography is without reality, if this fundamental means is lacking. What would an imaginary expert witness say in defence of *Lolita*?

Here Mr Nabokov is the first to throw a spanner into the works. His narrator not only describes his obsession with certain girls of 12, whom he calls by the wonderfully vulgar name of nymphets, and his seduction by one of them, after he has thoughtfully married the mother; he not only insinuates some physical detail of this intimacy – though with far, far less precision than one finds in the sexual descriptions of *Ulysses* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Casanova's *Memoirs* and in a good many ordinary contemporary novels – he goes further. He adds to the moral outrage and, of course, makes it clear to us that it is an outrage, by treating it as a comic subject. This is the first modern 'obscene' novel I have read which is witty, ironical and farcical. It is satire for, like many sexual outsiders, the narrator is a serious social rebel. Lawrence, Joyce, all the others who brought the law down on themselves once, were in solemn earnest. There is not a smile in Casanova's lust. Lawrence preached, Joyce was haunted by disgust, in the pleasures they described.

Nabokov's manner uses cool laughter and mockery. The hasty reader may suppose him to be cynical, even if he grants that the narrator is cold and hilarious because his situation is hopeless and indefensible. His is the laughter of self-hatred. Where have we heard such laughter on a taboo subject before? In many contemporary satirists; in Aldous Huxley, above all in Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*. We had better be sure about Mr Nabokov's laughter for it is the key to him as a serious artist. Pornographers do not laugh. In Mr Nabokov's earlier comedies – *Pnin* was published here two years ago – he has shown himself to be a writer of original and freakish imagination, tender but also biting. From these talented books and the epilogue to *Lolita* we can deduce that, perhaps like Mr Waugh, he would say that the only valid response to the conventional society of mass murderers and vulgarians he has been thrown into as a displaced person, is to mock it with a private outrage.

How much more excruciating if the corruption were in the child, Henry James noted, thinking of the *Turn of the Screw*. Exactly. Mr Nabokov's clever psychopath, who has tricked the psychiatrists in clinic after clinic and has a weary vanity in his incurable condition, this educated 'beat' with academic tastes, takes a look at the normal world and decides he is lucky to be a mental case and to re-live a childish fantasy. It is archetypal: he simply wants to live alone on a desert island with the image of a lost sweetheart. It is as soppy as that. *Lolita* is the outrageous, one-track joke of a man who has been outraged, who has come to regard 'outrage' as the norm – why not murder the girl's mother, he cheerfully wonders? – and to consider himself superior in recognising it.

And it is not only about sex that he is outrageous. His affair has, on his side, a lugubrious sentimentality of which he is well aware. He is outrageous about the highway and motel civilisation of the United States, which is brilliantly described; about American education, summer camps, tourist spots and social customs – there is a sly and superb interview with the head of a girls' school. Finally he is outrageous about murder. Mr Nabokov's experience has left him with a gift of dissociation; the book ends with a murder which makes our 'respectable' murder mongers and classy writers of sadistic thrillers (never threatened with prosecution) look like the fakers they are. Being comic, Mr Nabokov's murder is horrible. Murder is. By what perversion of moral judgment does society regard murder as 'clean' and sex as 'dirty' as a subject?

Humbert, the clever, sugary-minded psychopath, is enslaved by his victim, is humiliated by jealousies and is finally abandoned by her. He was by no means her first seducer. He rediscovers her a few years on, happily married, coarsened – in his infantile view – by maturity. This does not cure his remorse for he has recognised that his real crime was to have deprived her of her childhood and the companionship of other children.

I can imagine no book less likely to incite the corruptible reader; the already corrupted would surely be devastated by the author's power of projecting himself into their fantasy-addled minds. As for the minors, the nymphets and schoolboys, one hardly sees *them* toiling through a book written in a difficult style, filled on every page with literary allusions, linguistic experiment and fits of idiosyncrasy. For Mr Nabokov is a serious user of language. A very gifted Russian, he has written many novels in his own tongue; in turning to English he has struggled to attain a personal style and part of its attraction – outside of some obscurities – is in his brilliant contrasting of cliché English and its comic-shabby overtones, with true images of his own. He is a wonderful landscape painter, in the impressionist manner, his words rapidly following his eye and catching scores of beautifully exact fragments of the life of the American road. He is always a quick observer of the grotesque. His quality is surprising, chameleon-like and inventive, in incident and prose itself; so that he catches the very decadence of language which infects the infantile love story: arch phrases like 'the awesome duenna', 'tiny concubine', 'tiddle' 'covelet', 'baby geysers', underline the ghastly fondness of a doting, guilty, selfish love. For under the distaste we are bound to feel, especially in the first 100 pages of the book, Mr Nabokov grows upon us as a most accomplished writer who has innumerable asides to make on the world that is outside his obsession.

There is a common assumption that 'obscene' literature must be 'great' in order to pass. Serious artists are not necessarily great. Mr Nabokov is a serious artist but he has not chosen a great subject. His narrative is a narrow monologue, sweepingly, even tediously, self-centred, though properly so; and we often weary of his exhausting cleverness, because he takes the stuffing out of his people. The egoist burns up his characters smartly – and then they are gone. Lolita is a pretty sex-object; the rest of the time she just fills up with sweets, ice-creams and is raucous and rude. She is portrayed in the flat: the satirist's magazine-and-ad-man's customer. Her first seducer was really her nasty, glossy civilisation. No, *Lolita* is not 'great'; as a literary performance it has its place near the Waugh, Huxley level, which is a high one. It is ten times better than the average blameless popular novel in conception and in writing.

Another assumption is that this is just another sex book, but going further in order to shock and to sell by shocking. Would a work of talent have been better without the skilfully precise allusions in the sexual episodes? It is the artist's right to decide that, not his critic's, or his public's; and the artist can claim it because he is, by nature, given insights which are valuable to civilisation. We live in a culture of things, sights and sounds; unreflectively visual and oral. Mr Nabokov's choice is extreme, but the treatment of detail is without photographic brutality and has that passing, tactful yet pointed realism which fits in with how we live now. Unerringly he has put his finger on the infantile sexiness which pervades Admass society. (Read the adverts, see the films.) And in the United States, especially, there is a conventional admiration of female precocity and infantile enticement – the childish lipstick and the hair-do. Society always boils with rage when writers hold up the mirror; and, in our kind of phoney world, Mr Nabokov may be right in thinking that taboo subjects are the most enlightening.

I must not impute views to Mr Nabokov. He sticks to a lately unpopular doctrine when his protagonist says that the only amends he can make his victim is 'transfiguration in a work of art'. It was Henry James's view, too. A sentimentalist would have sounded more respectable if he had ground Lolita down with moral objurgations and melodramatic talk of her personal redemption. A tragic writer might bring that off; a comic writer, no. But the transfiguration has taken place: this is not a pornographic work.

V. S. Pritchett

the things they say!

You know, I don't think doctors ought to prescribe commercial drugs at all.

But *all* drugs are made by some commercial firm or other.

Yes, but they aren't all sold under fancy names in fancy packages — at fancy prices.

Surely it's wrong to make a profit out of illness?

But if the pharmaceutical manufacturers didn't make profits, where would they get the £4,000,000 they spend every year on doing research to find other drugs that are very badly needed?

But I thought most of the new drugs had been discovered by doctors working in the big hospitals!

Not at all. Most new drugs and anaesthetics have been discovered and perfected by the pharmaceutical industry — in other words, by the very people who make them.

Give me some examples.

Well, take I.C.I. It was their Pharmaceuticals Division that discovered 'Mysoline', an entirely new treatment for epilepsy; and quite recently they announced a new anaesthetic, 'Fluothane', which has properties that make it quite unique.

It was only at great effort — and cost — that these products were developed, perfected and made available. Many other pharmaceutical manufacturers could point to comparable contributions that *they* have made to the progress of Medicine.

ICI

U

Edwin Muir

'Heroic' doesn't at first seem the right word to describe the gentle visionary who has just died. But Edwin Muir's life had a heroic quality. He met the outward events of his life with extraordinary fortitude; and often it must have seemed as if this outward life were a sort of dreadful snakes-and-ladders. There was the secure and happy childhood on the Orkney farm; then the horrors of the Glasgow bone factory. There were the pre-war years of growing reputation as poet, critic, translator; then with the war the writing income shrank to nothing and he had to work as a clerk in a Food Office. There was the fruitful time in Prague after 1945, as Director of the British Institute; and then the Communist coup, and the break-up of his work and friendships. In the end, he had come through; the last years brought him the calm of a home in a Cambridgeshire village; there were honours and distinctions – doctorates, prizes, visiting professorships – which he took with the same sweetness as his adversities. But there was still, as there always had been, financial insecurity; still, as nearly always, ill-health. He shouldered all his burdens and he never girned; there was anger in his account of Glasgow and the awful factory, but no self-pity, no shadow of a chip. Knowing Edwin Muir, one had known a truly good man.

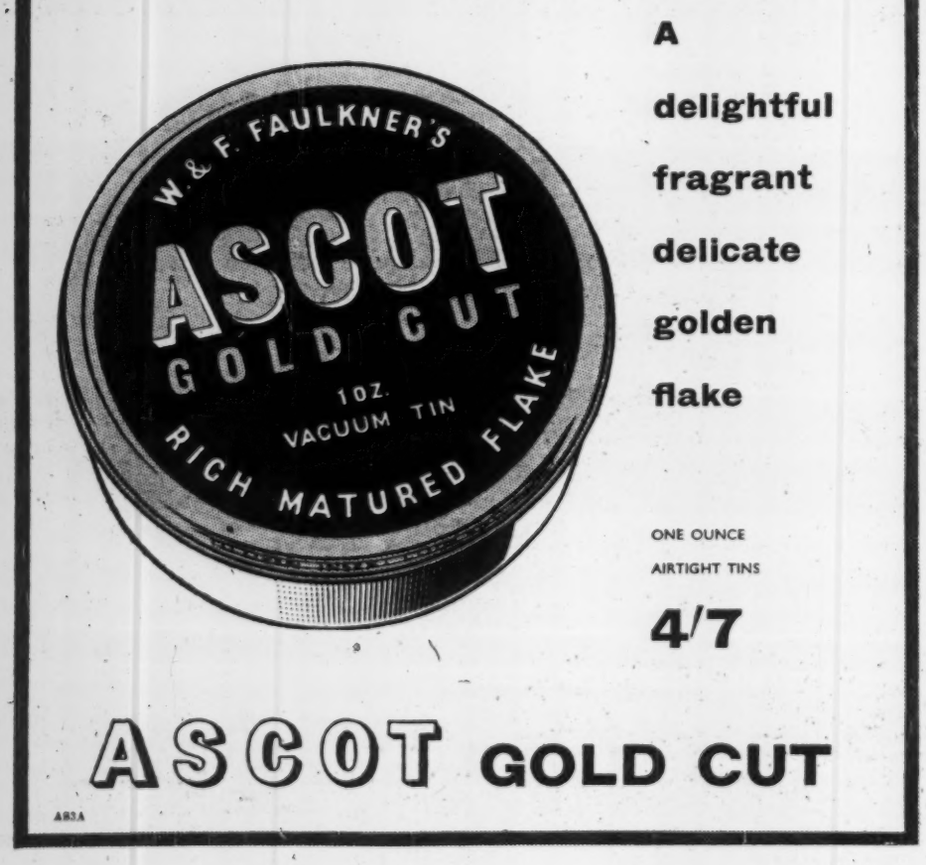
To make a living he had had to take on a load of journeyman work, but managed to turn each chore into something well worth doing. In the Twenties, his studies of Lawrence, Eliot and Graves were pioneer work of a high order; in the Thirties, his regular reviews in the *Listener* were among the best novel criticism of our time; and the Muir translations were of so fine a texture that we seemed to be receiving Kafka and Broch straight, with no intervening barrier of language. His wife was his partner in these translations, and here, as altogether in their life, they were truly inseparable. It is not for anyone else to estimate how much of his fortitude he drew from Willa Muir. But his particular heroic temper had its roots far back, in the Orkney farm where his mother sang him ballads, where the great horses stamped like fabulous beasts, and the men about the fields or on the stormy voes seemed to be playing some heroic game. (He wrote a splendid Books in General for us on the Ballads two years ago, and was at work on a book about them when he died.) From his childhood, he had seen life played out on a stage grander than we can fully perceive; from his childhood too, his imagination had fed on dreams. His poetry was always visionary, and his poems like reports from some other world, harmonious and timeless. But as he grew older, there was a new toughness in them, a new hope. The last poem of his we printed, seven months ago, was *The Last War*: a vision not of destruction, but of all that survives destruction:

> I thought, our help is in all that is full-grown
> In nature, and all that is with hands well-made,
> Carved in verse or stone
> Or a harvest yield. There is the harmony
> By which we know our own and the world's health,
> The simply good, great counterpoise
> To blind nonentity. . . .

And he ended his poem with a vision of the well of life where we are made, and the spirits of earth and heaven who watch as –

> Loaded with fear and crowned with every hope
> The born stream past them to the longed-for place.

Janet Adam Smith



The Arts and Entertainment

An Adventurous Year

Although we didn't seem to notice it at the time, the last year has been a time of considerable adventurousness in the theatre. Managers have been adventurous; playwrights have been adventurous; even audiences have been a bit adventurous. To start with the last, who ever would have thought that late O'Neill – unrelentingly long, unrelentingly unattractive – would draw in the customers? I don't suppose any fortunes were made over *The Iceman Cometh* and *Long Day's Journey into Night*. But the former packed out the Arts in spite of running for some four hours, achieved a transfer and was the most talked-about play in the first half of the year. While the latter did surprisingly well in Shaftesbury Avenue and was the most talked about play of the second half of the year. Each was exceptionally well-acted and produced and our resistance to the dour, long-winded old American completely gave way. Theatrical entrepreneurs being surprisingly sheep-like in their taste, this will probably mean that this year we shall have a crop of revivals of his other plays which will no doubt be disastrous. The battles O'Neill fought with that old challenge to the American playwright The Tragedy of the Common Man will be found, I prophesy, to be still not to our taste. If the entrepreneurs are determined on cashing in, I recommend them to try the early period not the middle one.

Audiences proved less adventurous elsewhere. My award, for instance, to the most adventurous management of the year would go to one which made, as such, an altogether smaller impact than it deserved to. Mr Michael Codron planned a season of three productions at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The first was a revival of a seldom done Ibsen, *Little Eyolf*. There were certainly imperfections in the direction and the acting, but the rarity value of the play alone should have filled the theatre for weeks. The second production was of a double bill by a new recruit from the novel, Mr John Mortimer. And his *The Dock Brief* and *What Shall We Tell Caroline?* did succeed in making a considerable impression. One can only hope that it made up for the complete failure of the third and very interesting venture, a play by a new playwright, Harold Pinter, admirably directed and acted by an interesting cast. *The Birthday Party* was most unjustly slashed and came to an undeservedly abrupt end. Mr Pinter will be heard of again.

The Royal Court is a whole adventure in itself and has pursued its splendidly reckless policy of trying out new author after new author. Still its only really solid achievement in the playwright's field is Mr John Osborne and his early play in collaboration with A. C. Creighton, *Epitaph for George Dillon*, was, I suspect, its most memorable success. The *Observer* competition supplied most of its newcomers. If the new plays which appealed to me most were Miss Doris Lessing's *Each His Own Wilderness* and Arnold Wesker's *Chicken Soup with Barley*, that probably reflects nothing more than a personal prejudice against expressionism and surrealism.

Stratford adventures chiefly in casting, and the introduction of Miss Dorothy Tutin to Shakespeare was an interesting stroke. By all accounts

her Juliet has developed into a really fine tragic performance. Mr Peter Hall's revivifying of *Pericles* was certainly most exciting and his appointment as Director of the theatre to succeed Glen Byam Shaw the season after next promises adventure for the future. Mr Hall is a highly inventive and imaginative young director who will, no doubt, shock as well as please. The Old Vic have just moved out of the Shakespearean groove and have already successfully introduced Schiller to us and revived *Ghosts*.

In the musical world, Julian Rose's and Wolf Mankowitz's *Expresso Bongo* gave a new look to the English musical. But I guess that *West Side Story*, that most brilliantly co-ordinated of musicals, will give it another sharp shift of direction. I confidently expect John Osborne's promised new musical to show the influence.

Shaftesbury Avenue was not by any means entirely timid. A late Giraudoux, *Duel of Angels*, rather surprisingly made a great hit, chiefly I suspect owing to Miss Vivian Leigh, who matched its difficulties with a calculated display of style more often seen in France than in England. It presented a Graham Greene with Sir John Gielgud, discovered and made a great success of a new playwright, Mr Peter Schaffer, whose *Five Finger Exercise* is not only well designed on a conventional pattern, but very well written and psychologically not facile.

My award for the most adventurous playwright goes unhesitatingly and despite all of my colleagues to Mr Terence Rattigan, who boldly broke up new ground and was promptly kicked in the crutch by the very people who had been complaining all these years that he was too superficial for them. But I was interested to find my high opinion of *Variation on a Theme* confirmed by every intelligent person I persuaded to see it, except one.

Producer's award goes to Peter Wood, who started the year with *The Iceman Cometh* and went on to *The Birthday Party*, *Mary Stewart* and the much underrated *Who's Your Father*. There are any number of young actors and actresses coming along who are injecting a new vividness and truth into the English acting style.

Oh, and yes. Even the Lord Chamberlain has caught the spirit of the year. Judging from Mr Brendan Behan's irreverent piece *The Hostage*, there's almost nothing that won't pass, and enfiladed by his stoutest former supporters, the managers, who banded themselves together to outwit him, he has formally raised his ban on homosexuality as a subject in plays.

T. C. WORSLEY

Counter-Attack in Aberdare

ANYTHING that can disorganise a deep-rooted Labour majority, and convert veteran Welsh Socialists into Independents almost overnight, is clearly a thing to think about, and the Aberdare planning inquiry of 29 January will be just such a thing, since it represents a public clash between a Labour establishment, embodied in the Glamorgan County Planning Office, and a large body of Socialist voters who still keep up the tougher traditions of the party militant, such as reading the NEW STATESMAN.

The inquiry concerns the proposal of the County authorities to pull down and replace, over a period of possibly fifty years, *nearly a third* of the houses in Aberdare, mostly stone-built terraces put up about a century ago, and largely inhabited by solid trade unionists who have bought their freeholds on the advice of union leaders as a hedge against hard times to come. Some 17,000 of the town's inhabitants (nearly half the population) have signed the petition of protest that has resulted in the Planning Enquiry.

The reason for alluding to this political crisis here is that the local voters will fight their case partly on æsthetic grounds and have called in, for advice and testimony, that anomalous and much disputed body, the *Counter-Attack Bureau*. The militant survivor of the *Architectural Review*'s assault on the conscience of the nation that has left the word 'Subtopia' permanently lodged in the language, the Bureau is an anomaly in the best British Progressive tradition, even to the extent that its greatest strengths overlap dangerously with its worst weaknesses.

Thus, one of its greatest strengths is the way its spokesman, Ian Nairn, has put heart into local protest-groups, like the citizens of Aberdare, by his willingness to go almost anywhere and argue with practically anybody, though this carries the risk of getting bogged down in local squabbles.

He can speak with the authority of progressive metropolitan opinion on matters that may literally concern the parish pump. The obverse of this, however, is the risk of being drawn into the propaganda machine of Establishment snobbery. We have already seen the attempts of certain *Hon.* architects, some of whom may be in a position to influence Bureau policy from behind, to set up the Bureau as a counter-attack on popular tastes in design; and more recently one of the staff of the Council of Industrial Design, without revealing his interests, has attempted to steal some of the Bureau's thunder on behalf of the Design Centre.

The Bureau has either been too scornful or too busy to protest against this, but it should do so. Its authority would be completely undermined if it were to allow itself to be represented as the supporter, or the opponent, of any particular style or styles. Its enemy is not wrongthink, but unthink; not consciously doing something this way or that, but unconsciously not doing it at all. Its motto might properly be: Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing on purpose.

For the most part, this has led it to do battle with the forces of unthink on relatively small things that get overlooked in the workings of Parkinson's Law, like the detailing of kerbs and the neglect of minor buildings of interest; and this in its turn has led certain groups of progressive architects, not necessarily politically committed either way, to abuse it for being preoccupied with cosmetic superficialities, citing such phrases as 'a society gets the architecture it deserves'. They have a point, obviously, but it's not the whole point, as Gordon Redfern conceded in a negative way in his ULR paper on subtopian problems. *Someone* has detailed that architecture, its streets and its public place. Mercantile Liverpool may have got the magnificent Dock Road it deserved, but some skilful individual must have bothered personally about the elegant patterning of its granite setts.

And besides, even the most progressive societies will normally have to make do with a good deal of the capital investment of the previous culture, much of it in the form of buildings and road-patterns: the deserts of the fathers are visited on the sons. Which brings us back to Aberdare in a way that makes even more nonsensical the stylistic buck-passing of progressives who don't want to dirty their hands with such things as the individual concrete objects that Ian Nairn draws attention to.

The Bureau's campaign at Aberdare is its big-

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gest to date, for what is proposed there is not small-scale mess-making but a piece of large-scale social engineering which will involve thousands of families over two generations at least, directed precisely at the architectural residues of a previous culture. But for what reason? Chiefly, as far as one can see, because the little houses are old, are in the wrong style (not semi-dets. with gardens in front) and exceed certain standard density figures. These are all routine patterns of pseudo-progressive unthink. The houses are old, certainly, but not decrepit; mostly they only need re-equipment and alterations to their internal layout. They don't have front gardens or hipped roofs, but here, it appears, are 17,000 voters who don't particularly want these things, contrary again to certain routine ideas of both Left and Right; and the density figures they offend are a purely abstract criterion laid down elsewhere to deal with other circumstances (rather like the standard London theatre by-laws that now hamper auditorium design all over the country).

The Bureau will probably testify that, because of their density, their terraced arrangement, and their ordered layout, contrasting with the wild Welsh landscape that is visible from most parts of the town, these despised relics of an earlier culture have precisely those qualities of urbanity, sociability and human scale that progressive architects are now trying to design into new housing developments and the New Towns. These are not merely matters of cosmetic detailing; and the Bureau's intervention will be a contribution – unpolitical, since similar sorts of unthink are practised by Tory councils too – to the internal polemics of progressive British opinion, which are conducted as much on the doorsteps of the voters as in the basement of the Partisan.

REYNER BANHAM

Spoiling It for Us

Two of my daily-newspaper colleagues, Mr Peter Black of the *Daily Mail* and Mr Clifford Davis of the *Daily Mirror*, interviewed recently in ITV's *Right of Reply*, both stated that they didn't hold with going to the special previews of important television programmes which the BBC and the programme companies sometimes arrange. The object of these previews is, of course, to secure advance publicity for such programmes and so to maximise the viewing audience (and incidentally to dispose of one very superficial complaint about television critics, that we only give notice that a programme is worth watching after it's over); but both these critics felt that it was better to watch television in the circumstances in which it is normally seen – at home.

I agree; and I did not go to the preview of the BBC's Attlee interview, *A Prime Minister Remembers*, whose news-value proved to be such that most of the newspapers ran extensive advance stories skimming the cream of it, quoting the most astringent of Lord Attlee's succinct comments on his contemporaries, and, in short, making one feel that there was no longer any special reason for watching the programme (which would not be particularly interesting visually, apart from its cosy glimpses of Cherry Cottage); one had, so to speak, had the best of it.

As it turned out, I was glad that I did watch it (though I mightn't have if there had been any serious competition from the other channel). It was a long interview, running to 45 minutes and selected from even more ample material, all originally intended to be laid up, like Platonic ideas or indiscreet diaries, for fifty years. There was quite a lot in it, therefore, which had not been in the newspapers already; and it was interesting to note the quickness of Lord Attlee's reflexes at the age of 76. Francis Williams handled the interview most ably, covering a wide range of subjects in the way best calculated to draw out his former chief.

None the less, the fact that the most amusing and sharpest dicta were already familiar from the press *did* slightly take the edge off them. I hope this previewing process will not go too far. There might even be, as with politicians' speeches, an embargo until after delivery on the actual words used in a TV interview.

The angry reaction from Pakistan to Lord Attlee's remarks about Jinnah must have seemed a godsend to the BBC, enlarging as they did the general publicity for the programme; which shows how different the BBC is from what it was in the old days, when such protests would have distressed and alarmed it. It would be enjoyable to spend an evening viewing in the company of Lord Reith, and to hear his uninhibited comments – especially on such a programme as *Dig This!* whose challenge to *Oh Boy!* I reported in advance (without spoiling it for anybody by giving a detailed description). So far, I don't think that *Dig This!* has won the contest: it hasn't quite the phrenetic quality and the compulsive beat of *Oh Boy!* and excessive clowning by musicians does not enhance the potency of their music. But it is a creditable advance on the poor old *Six-five* and the producer, Francis Essex, uses back-projection ingeniously; and at least he has managed to reduce the compère's introduction and valediction to even fewer words than in *Oh Boy!* In *Oh Boy!* the opening announcement is 'Okay, come and get it – it's Oh BOY!!!' and the parting benediction (last Saturday) was 'Make no mistake, this place will really shake next week!' But *Dig This!* has reduced the verbiage to (1) 'Hey, kids! Dig this!' and (2) 'That's all for right now . . . Dig us next week!' Poor Lord Reith!

Even stranger sounds were heard on Monday on Network Three, in the first of a new series for recording-fans: of wider appeal, too, was Mr Cleverdon explaining how he got stereophonically the sound of Alice swimming in the pool of tears.

TOM DRIBERG

Hurrah for a British Film!

'WHAT is Life without Plumtree's Potted Meat? Incomplete.' And incomplete would be any London holiday season without at least a couple of Bardot films. The newest one – *Parisienne* at the Curzon – is our favourite peach-fed ham with garnishings from high quarters. Last time I saw her at the Curzon she was being skittish in melodrama – with sombreros on; now she is a French Prime Minister's daughter and flirts with a visiting Prince. Bardot rides again; tootling along the avenues in a red car to the babble of an unseen scat-singer. The speed cops go after her: she shows them her licence and her knees, and goes on to show *us* what makes any Bardot film, the teases of all kinds, wedding night, bathroom, sea-bathe, nudity under the bed-sheet, the big eyes and divided bosom of the secretary who invitingly drops a pencil down her back. This time, in fact, she lets down that tousle hair in politico-regal farce, and for quite a while it's amusing. The situations are all taken from stock; the shooting weekend from Renoir, the spree with the Prince from *The Prince and the Showgirl*, with a gangster bar and rough-house that are the stand-by of any light film needing a climax. Still as Bardot films go, this entertains.

Luckily, for those who want more, there is *The Little Island*. This, I am delighted to say, is a British film; a half-hour cartoon imagined and drawn by Richard Williams. He is aged 25; he spent three years on this, his first, film; he has purpose and talent. *The Little Island* may reassure those, including myself, who have come to regard inspiration and freshness in film-making as things un-British. It presents three manikins on an island, devoted respectively to Truth, Beauty, and Goodness. The sun pops out of the sea to the left of them, plops down on the right, and they quarrel in images. The huge merit of this film is that it puts new and arresting images on the screen; they amuse, they allure, they question us; in the end their impact is both beautiful and frightening. Starting from the simplest symbols, Williams gives his emotions and his animation free play, and we seem – how exactly, it would be hard to say, except that it is in terms of the cartoon before us – to be plunged into age-old philosophical debate and the universal dread of the moment. Yet the touch is light, graceful, bizarre. Here, in fact, is a talent which – in France, say – would instantly bring its possessor to the threshold of a successful career. Here, I am not so certain. British film-production is not so much antagonistic to genius as totally unaware of it. Probably the creator of *The Little Island* will have to slave on alone; though at least he has one collaborator in Tristram Cary, whose score forms an integral part of the film. With cash and opportunity, this young film-maker might go anywhere. Our successes in cinema have nearly all come from poets; and here, I am sure, is one.

The Last Hurrah (Gaumont) brings together a convergence that could hardly fail: John Ford in a half-rumbustious mood about American-Irish politics and Spencer Tracy, relieved perhaps, after *The Old Man and the Sea*, to be once more thronged with humanity. His role here is that of a

New England mayor running for the last time, and Tracy's performance is as spellbinding as the film itself. Ford seems here to hurry away from just another of the hundreds of jobs he has undertaken; it gets better and better; his special cast dazzles; his tolerant satire lights the fires of comedy; deep-toned interiors and a broad grasp of character gather momentum, and in the end we are willing to accept anything – though, as a matter of fact, Ford keeps the irony triumphant and the sentiment muted – even through the death-bed finale that discretion might have jibbed at.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Mortality of Records

IF the critic could devote unlimited time to the subject, he might be able to give quite useful information as to the length of life that could reasonably be expected for any particular record. A musical listener, he might say, will be able to sit through a certain performance of Beethoven's last piano sonata half-a-dozen times before it begins to pall, whilst another recording, of Haydn's 'London' symphony, will survive twice as long. The principle behind such apparently wild statements would be perfectly serious; for the fatal thing about any record is that it pins down relationships that must ideally always remain free. As Roger Sessions has said, music 'needs constant renewal', because it is an art in which time and movement are the basic elements. As soon as we can anticipate every detail of a performance, the recording in question ceases to provide any fresh experience; and because of this element of repetition, many readings that we should regard as superb and invigorating in a concert hall are ruled out because they are too individual. One of the great problems of the recording studio is, in fact, how to reduce the rate of diminishing returns by avoiding everything that might be memorised quickly because of its unique character. The result of such avoidance is often something so negative that a single hearing is more than enough. But every now and then one comes across a performance which neither imposes too much on the music nor leaves it high and dry; and very occasionally indeed a record appears which almost seems to deny the unalterable principle of diminishing returns and to possess the secret of everlasting vitality.

This is more likely to happen in chamber music or opera, where the performance does not depend entirely on one person's overriding conception, than in symphonies or instrumental solos. But that alone would not explain the thrilling quality of the new HMV recording of Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*. Not that it is wonderful in every respect. In the recent Cetra version of the same opera you will hear orchestral playing that has more spirit and impetus. But so far as the singing is concerned there is no comparison at all. Verdi gives some rather old-fashioned music to the higher voices, and reserves his most astounding invention for the baritones and basses; Paolo already speaks the language of Iago, and Boccanegra himself has a part of incredible range and boldness. In the Cetra version it is Silveri who sings the central role; but though his treatment is resourceful, he does not give the same impression as Tito Gobbi of having identified himself with the composer's intentions to such a degree that he seems to live the music rather than to interpret it in any analysable way. It is a great performance which I have now heard far more often than duty requires, and with the profoundest pleasure.

Two other operatic recordings, of *Fidelio* (DGG) and *The Devil and Kate* (Supraphon), hardly come into the same category, the first because it is not very well done, the second because it is a far cry from the dramatic impact of *Boccanegra* to the charm of this Dvorak opera in which the devil carries off a garrulous old maid to hell and is then faced with the desperate task of freeing himself from her attentions. It is a subject, however, which offers great opportunities for contrast, and Dvorak's music is lively, spontaneous, and masterful in its continuity. I am not greatly addicted to the works of this composer, but *The Devil and Kate* strikes me as enchanting; moreover it is well recorded, the principal parts are adequately sung, and chorus and orchestra are first-class.

I wish I could be half as enthusiastic about the Fricsay performance of *Fidelio*, but having compared it with the old version by Furtwängler I can find only three things in its favour. The recording itself is better; it goes on to two discs instead of three and includes spoken dialogue, which Furtwängler's did not; and Seefried makes a more convincing Marzelline than Jurinac. What is it that goes wrong? I think it is this: whereas Furtwängler interpreted the opera through Beethoven's *music*, Fricsay interprets it rather through the words or the situation. In a sense, he recomposes the text almost as though Beethoven had done no work on it at all. Thus one of the supreme moments of the opera, the chorus of prisoners in Act I, is ruined. Instead of letting us hear Beethoven's image of the 'marvellous, sweet strangeness of fresh air upon the cheeks and lips', as W. J. Turner once wrote, the music is made almost inaudible. Whatever Beethoven intended by his harmonies and textures goes by the board, because we are aware only of an extreme faintness of sound.

If 'unique character' can be a dangerous attribute in recording, then Argo's recent issue of the Tallis *Lamentations* might be thought quite fatal. It is performed by the Renaissance Singers with the most daring fluctuations of tempo and sometimes with a sword-sharp articulation of consonants which once heard is twice dreaded. Yet it would be altogether unjust to leave the matter there. Compared with the Vanguard record of the same work, this has the undoubted advantage of being sung by a chorus rather than by solo voices, and it brings to the music an impassioned treatment that suits it far better than the smoothness of the other version.

Argo must be congratulated on bringing out this wonderful work. But how much of our greatest English music has still to be recorded! If only we had a company like Supraphon, whose championship of Czech composers will soon make us more familiar with Benda and Myslivecek than with Byrd and Dunstable. The latest addition to their catalogue is Janacek's *Diary of a Man Who Disappeared*, a setting of an autobiography in the form of twenty-three poems, written by a young farmer who fell in love with a gypsy. The music has that note by note integrity of sound and sense which distinguishes all Janacek's finest works. Towards the end, where he tries to move towards an overwhelming climax, I think his inspiration falls away a little; the harmonies and outlines lose their 'nerve' and become more conventional. Nevertheless this is one of his most impressive pieces, and it is given a remarkable performance by Beno Blachut (tenor), Stepanka Stepanova (contralto) and Josef Palenicek (piano).

WILLIAM GLOCK

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To readers of the 'New Statesman'

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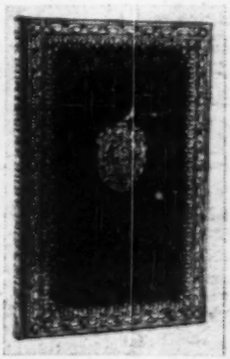

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Correspondence

THE CHALLENGE OF CHINA

SIR,—May I, as a journalist who spent nine months in China during 1958 as Reuters' correspondent, answer Dr Needham's allegation that only an 'infinitesimal proportion of China's population' has been affected by the Communists' campaign to wipe out the rightists?

The target of the Rectification Campaign was not just a minority of discontented writers and professors but all critics of Communist dictatorship of whom the overwhelming, if often inarticulate, majority were workers and peasants. Last spring, when the government ordered mass arrests of 'rightists', thousands were deported to labour camps from Peking alone. Often, they had merely been denounced by neighbours anxious to pay off old personal scores. My source: dozens of ordinary Peking residents to whom Dr Needham, despite his mastery of their language, did not apparently have access.

As for the rightist intellectuals, they have been degraded to sweeping and dusting lecture halls and offices in the universities and government ministries where they once worked. Professor Ma Ying-chu, the Dean of Peking University who was denounced as a Malthusian for encouraging birth control, has been begging in vain to be sent to a forced labour camp for the past six months in order to escape the unrelenting criticism of his students.

Mrs Ting-Ling, the Stalin Prize winner whom many Chinese regard as their foremost living novelist, has been set to scrub floors at the Writers' Union in Peking. When I reported this, I was summoned to the Chinese Foreign Ministry and ordered to disclose my source. I refused and challenged the Ministry to deny my story. They refused.

When Dr Needham is invited back to China, I suggest that he tries to shake off his hosts occasionally and seek out some of those rare Chinese who still dare talk freely with a foreigner. If he dares to report on what he sees and hears he will risk the same fate as myself: expulsion from China on trumped up charges (in my case: 'photographing military targets'). The real reason: for reporting the brutality and fanaticism of China's rulers.

JACK GEE

Reuters
61 Via Condotti
Rome

SIR,—The letter by 'Tibetan Observer' in your issue of 20 December is referred to in Mr Kingsley Martin's article as 'broadly true' and he is considered 'honest and well informed'. In fact he is most misleading. He begins with the charge that

> what the Chinese are trying to do in all the areas of Sinkiang, Tsinghai, Sikang and Kansu provinces is to drive away the people of Tibetan stock.

First, let it be said that 'Sikang' was a former province created by the Chiang Kai-shek regime by carving out the western part of the Chinese province Szechwan and the eastern part of Tibet. It was the Peking government which has restored that part of Sikang to Tibet and put it under the Dalai Lama. Secondly, Sinkiang is not a province, but an Autonomous Uighur Region; three quarters of its 6.3 million people there are Uighurs, not 'of Tibetan stock'. Thirdly, the Tibetans live in Tibet and west 'Sikang', now restored to Tibet. There are small groups of Tibetans living in southern Chinghai, but very few in Kansu and Sinkiang. Do the Chinese who have gone to Sinkiang, Chinghai ('Tsinghai'), etc., to build roads, railways, dams, factories and mines have to drive the Tibetans away? Tibetan Observer says yes, they have already done so. Though he does not specify the number of these 'displaced' people, the sort of impression he wants to convey seems clear to any reader of the following passage:

> In Sinkiang and Tsinghai over 7 million Chinese have thus been settled, displacing the Tibetan and Mongoloid populations, and now in Ambos, Golok, Sikang, Kansu and Kham already nearly 4 million Chinese have been brought in during the past two years.

These 'displaced' people, according to him, 'have now taken to mass migration towards the central areas of Tibet'. But the total population of Tibet and western 'Sikang' is only 1,273,969 (1954). The products from land in the whole of Tibet have so far been able to support only a little more than a million people. Yet he seems to think that the mass immigration 'replaced' by *eleven million* Chinese can be accommodated in the 'central areas' alone, which all the year round are covered by snow!

There are, of course, a great number of Chinese who have recently settled in West China; most of them have gone to Kansu where the biggest oil field is located and five trunk railways are now being built. Those who went to Sinkiang are mostly working in the oil fields in Karamai, in Chinghai they are working in Tsaidam, another oil field. Both places were formerly uninhabited and the pioneers had to bring water in their caravans. The Chinese do not have to displace anybody in areas where the per square mile population is less than ten. In fact they must depend on the natives as their guides to find minerals and to locate water sources. In the cities and villages, the Chinese depend on the native market for their expanding industrial products.

As Tibetan Observer's nostalgic complaints about conditions in Tibet have been rightly dealt with in Mr Martin's article, it remains for me only to point out how he has falsified facts. While actually quoting from Mr Harish Chandola's article (*NS*, 6 September 1958, p. 270) he admits that the roads built in Tibet are 'a great feat of engineering', etc., but deliberately omits to mention the expansion of agriculture and livestock in Tibet in the same article in order to fabricate his story that 'for the first time in centuries there is starvation there', because 'people of Tibet have to pay higher prices, including food'. Now the staple food in Tibet consists of tea, yak-butter and *ch'ing-k'uo* (a variety of barley). Tea planting was formerly unknown there, for the smuggling of tea seeds into Tibet was punishable by death under the war lords in Szechwan (the nearest tea-producing province), so that exhorbitant price of tea-bricks could be extorted from the Tibetans. Since 1951 tea planting has been introduced into Tibet. Tibetans in the past used butter to burn in lamps, now they have electric light. Wheat, barley, maize and other grains and cotton are now cultivated in Tibet, especially in the Kyichu Valley in terraced fields. Apart from the 3 roads leading to Szechwan (the granary of China), Kansu and Sinkiang, air service was introduced in 1956. With the increase of grain, tea, butter and cotton, and modern transportation instead of primitive yak caravans, Tibetan Observer thinks that people are starving there.

It is true the price of local wool has gone up three times since 1952, because export facilities to other parts of China have deprived the local middlemen and Nepalese traders of their erstwhile rigid control of price. That accounts for so many fantastic stories coming from the other side of Tibet. That was why in 1956 rumours of warfare in Tibet had to be denied, not by the Chinese government, but by the Nepalese government. (*The Times*, 7 May 1956.)

News about Tibet has been very confused, but Mr Chandola's report from his three visits to Tibet is perhaps the nearest to the truth. It already has had some salutary effect in the press. For instance, the Delhi correspondent of a British paper once reported that 'some *two million*' Tibetans 'were drawn into guerrilla activities' in East Tibet (18 May 1956). In a recent report about conditions in Tibet sent from Delhi in the same paper, figures of those who 'set up new nests of resistance over an extensive area' have been reduced to 'a great party . . . (hundreds, perhaps thousands)' (18 December 1958). It is a sign of healthy journalism to see such figures dwindling and parenthesised. So please accept my belated congratulations for publishing Chandola's article.

WU SHIH-CH'ANG

Far Eastern Library
Oxford

CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

SIR,—I have some sympathy with the letter from the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children, bearing in mind their obvious special interest, but in accusing my Committee and myself of having an equally exclusive sympathy with our own children in Queen Mary's Hospital for Children, they are merely advocating that this apparent prejudice is more correct if it is reversed in their favour.

It is true that we have been most strongly resisting the proposed closure of Queen Mary's as a general children's hospital, particularly because the personal touch upon which so much of this work leans is based on that background of special experience and vocation in the care of the sick child on the part of the entire staff of the hospital which is so difficult an achievement in adult hospitals, whose main concern is the problem of adult disease.

The necessity for specialised treatment and nursing has been most strongly underlined by the Royal College of Physicians, all the leading pædiatricians, and from our own local experience, practically all the general practitioners—a body of informed experience with which any layman would hesitate to quarrel.

Far from my Committee and the signatories to our petition losing sight of the needs of the Fountain Hospital and its mentally sick children, it has been most strongly emphasised in all our correspon-

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PUBLIC MEETING

STANMORE

Harrow Weald Secondary Grammar School, Brookshill.

FRIDAY, 16th JANUARY. 7.45 p.m.

John Horner — *Fire Brigades Union*
Ernie Roberts — *Amalgamated Engineering Union*

dence, communications and meetings, and in the co-operation which exists between us and the League of Friends of the Fountain Hospital, that we are both equally sympathetic with each others problems, but can see no purpose in destroying one form of specialised care in order to maintain another.

I feel that I can only emphasise the point that I made in *The Times* some months ago, that to place a greater priority on one form of specialised children's care as opposed to another is both unwise and unnecessary, and to place economic considerations before the requirements of the younger generation is no better than removing a plate from one side of the ship to close the hole on the other side; surely the economy of this country is not in such a parlous state that we cannot afford to give mentally defective children the properly constructed hospital background which they so obviously need, in which could be embodied all the current advances in science and in building. In any case, the Queen Mary's buildings, efficiently as they have been converted for their present use, were built in the first ten years of the century; and although we have no quarrel with their condition, it is clear that further conversion can only be a second-best solution, and this we must all condemn in face of the needs both of sick and mentally defective children.

A. J. P. KNOWLES
Chairman
Friends of Queen Mary's Hospital for Children
Carshalton

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR,—We have an advantage over Mr Dodds-Parker, MP, in that we have seen *Operation Teutonic Sword* at a private showing.

The film sets out to prove that General Speidel was a war criminal. The makers of the film had a great deal of documentary evidence at their disposal, but the only concrete facts which emerge in the film about Speidel's war record are:

1. That he was employed by the Paris Military Government and reported to his superiors on the shooting of a number of hostages on one occasion,
2. That at some time he served as a staff officer on the Russian front,
3. That he was involved in the 1944 anti-Hitler plot, was imprisoned by the Gestapo and later released.

From this the film implies with a wealth of elaborate show that Speidel was a Nazi actively engaged in war crimes, and that he informed on his 1944 plot colleagues to the Gestapo. Whatever Speidel's true record may be, the film was largely irrelevant to it, and it was all too reminiscent of the smear technique used by the Nazis against their enemies.

We are sorry that *Operation Teutonic Sword* was not shown publicly. Its weaknesses would very quickly become apparent.

ERNEST WISTRICH
ENID WISTRICH
113 Canfield Gardens
NW6

SOHO SPIDER'S WEB

SIR,—With the advent of 1959 I am wondering whether the Westminster City Council propose to take any heed of the frequent exhortations made during the past year, and indeed for several years now, by the Marlborough Street magistrate (Mr Clyde Wilson) about the state of affairs at the men's public convenience in Falconberg Mews, Soho Square, W1?

As the news editor of a group of newspapers in London, I find that during the past year there have been no less than 29 successful prosecutions against men for acts of indecency committed there, and in 1957 there were 24.

This place, nicknamed the 'Spider's Web' according to a police inspector, has frequently been referred to by Mr Clyde Wilson as 'perhaps the most notorious place of its kind in London'; and it appears to be almost permanently manned by plain-clothed police officers keeping observation.

In fairness to the Westminster Council I must say that I do not know the place or what special difficulties may present themselves there; I have, however, taken the trouble to read again through all the council agendas for 1958, and I cannot find a single reference to proposed structural alterations or to some better form of administration.

Many of the defendants have been professional men of great ability with a long potential of useful service to the country. Their careers have been shattered by the committal of probably a single act of weakness, more often than not under the influence of alcohol.

I do know that the police are frequently mystified at the absence in our newspapers of reports of these proceedings, but they fail to realise that the majority of editors take the view that such cases have no 'reader interest', and secondly, that it is not in the best public interest to give widespread publicity to the existence of such places.

A third viewpoint, which I think is generally shared in journalism, is that these pathetic acts are not as reprehensible as the police would have us believe. They are certainly far less reprehensible than the behaviour in our crowded thoroughfares of men and women who are drunk and disorderly, than the avarice of the well-to-do woman shoplifter, than the hooliganism of gangs of Teddy boys, or than the blatant behaviour of West End street women.

It seems to me also that an absolutely farcical situation exists when, year after year, a senior metropolitan magistrate can publicly make representations about the position at this establishment, only to be ignored. Meanwhile, ratepayers continue to pay a substantial police rate for two reasonably well-paid officers to spend their time in the somewhat unsavoury atmosphere of this place. Members of the City Council might consider too that, as members of a world-famous civic administration, they have a duty to protect the wayward and the weak of many nations who are tempted to go there.

MAURICE KILDARE
Tufnell Park, NW5

NON-STOP SOUND

SIR,—I don't believe the American show-business newspaper, *Variety*, is seen much in England. So it might be worth giving a little free publicity to a full-page ad. taken in the issue of 5 December by 'Britain's ABC Television Network'. The layout consists of three photographs showing saxophonists blowing in an aggressive huddle round the microphone, a girl crooner about to bite a piece out of a drumstick, an unclassifiable male waving his arms wildly as a quartet chants in the background. The letterpress is as follows:

> Big talking point in British TV this Fall has been the head-on clash between the BBC's '6.5 Special' and ABC's slick, new 'Oh Boy', 'the big beat spectacular'. Both shows are tailored for teen-age tastes with 'Oh Boy' concentrating on big production numbers and non-stop sound.
>
> *Who's winning?* ABC by lengths. October share of audience for 'Oh Boy' was 77 per cent. with ratings rising sharply every week.
>
> The BBC sometimes makes things easy for the opposition. Here's a case where they didn't. We're happy to have some real opposition. We're even happier to beat it to the ground.

Since commercial TV's home-consumption ads. consist of tearful protestations of their love for the highest, respect for the viewer's intelligence, and shocked recoil from any hint of lowered standards, it's interesting to see how they describe their wares once English eyes are looking the other way. As soon as the mask can safely be dropped, it's goodbye to the Schmalz about quality and on with the 'big production numbers and non-stop sound' designed to beat the BBC 'to the ground'. If we want a generation of adolescents who can't do without 'non-stop sound', at least we know who'll be only too willing to provide it for us.

JOHN WAIN
103 Park Avenue
New York

BERGER'S BLACK AND WHITE

SIR,—There is an old conjuring trick, recently re-performed in your correspondence columns, which is called Making the Marxist Disappear. Take a Marxist thinker and examine his works. If they contain no strikingly original ideas, ignore all the research value that they may have, and declare that these works are part of a moribund, static philosophy. If, on the other hand, they do contain a few original ideas or unusual references, declare these splendid and separate them immediately from the man's declared Marxism. And end the performance with a liberal gesture.

But after the conjuring trick, and in my case, it remains true that any understanding—as distinct from sensibility—that I may have about the function and history of art, is the result of what I have learnt and continue still to learn from dialectical materialism.

JOHN BERGER

EUROPE AGAINST THE BOMBS

Opening demonstration of the European Congress for Nuclear Disarmament

January 16th, 17th, 18th, 1959

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Alive and Kicking

In Volume II of his revealing and intensely readable *Experiment in Autobiography*, H. G. Wells wrote –

> England in my time has been very liable to adventurous outsiders; Bottomley and Birkenhead, Ramsay MacDonald and Loewenstein, Shaw and Zaharoff, Maundy Gregory and me – a host of others; men with no legitimate or pre-determined roles, men who have behaved at all levels of behaviour but whose common characteristic it has been to fly across the social confusion quite unaccountably, scattering a train of interruptions in their wake. Only the Court, the army and navy, banking and the civil service have been secure against this intrusion. Such men are inevitable in a period of obsolete educational ideas and decaying social traditions.

The generalisation is good, though the list is an odd one. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, will live longest in most people's memories as the great captive insider of the Left, while Birkenhead may have been a bounder (personally, I don't believe so), but no one could call him an outsider in this sense: from Oxford onwards, he hogged the Establishment's glittering prizes one after the other. Bottomley, that inspired charlatan, is the archetype here, as he is in the fiction of the period. One day someone must write an essay on 'The Bottomley Image in the Edwardian Novel'. The bogus company promoter in *Chance*, and Uncle Ponderevo in *Tono-Bungay*, are both obvious starters (as is Conan-Doyle's Professor Challenger on the intellectual plane), but there is an even better though lesser-known Old Bottomleian in *The War of the Worlds* – the immortal Butteridge, inventor, amorist, aeronaut and hypo manic, a wonderful Dickensian creation, glowing with the spirit of the age, who has never received his due. 'Me name's Butteridge', he shouts to the gaping inhabitants of Glasgow as he circles above them at three miles an hour. 'B-U-T-T-E-R-I-D-G-E. Got it? Me mother was Scotch'. Back at his hangar in the Crystal Palace, he tells the Press: 'Look here, you chaps . . . I'm tired to death and saddle sore. I can't give you a word of talk. I'm too – done. Me name's Butteridge. B-U-T-T-E-R-I-D-G-E. Get that right. I'm an Imperial Englishman. . . .' and later, 'I came from the ends of the earth . . . bringing me Motherland the secret that would give her the empire of the earth. And what do I get? . . . I am sniffed at by elderly mandarins and the woman I love is treated like a leper'. 'If she is dead', he cries when he and the lady make a forced landing in a balloon, 'I will r-r-rend the heavens like a garment! I must get her out! I must get her out! . . . I cannot have her die in a wicker-work basket nine feet square, she who was meant for kings' palaces!'

Wells was a connoisseur of outsiders. Yet, strangely enough, his list of great ones omits the one name that one would expect in this connection, the name one automatically brackets with his own as embodying their age. I mean, of course, Lloyd George.

Though he never concealed his distrust and contempt for politicians in general, Wells was fascinated by them. There is a famous portrait of Balfour – the kind of progressive imperialist he greatly admired (George Wyndham was another) – in *The New Macchiavelli*, and the same book also contains an unfair and unflattering picture of the Webbs. ('I'm in it', said Beatrice Webb cheerfully to Desmond MacCarthy. 'I'm the woman whose voice is described as a "strangulated contralto". . . . But you are not, Sydney.' . . . 'Oh, yes, I am. I'm described as "one of those supplementary males often found among the lower crustaceans".') The politician Wells most admired was Theodore Roosevelt, whom he met at luncheon at the White House in 1906:

> . . . He mentioned my *Time Machine* . . . He became gesticulatory, and his straining voice a note higher in denying the pessimism of that book as a credible interpretation of destiny. With one of those sudden movements of his he knelt forward in a garden-chair . . . and addressed me very earnestly over the back, clutching it and then thrusting out his familiar gesture, a hand first partly open and then closed.
>
> 'Suppose, after all,' he said slowly, 'that should prove to be right and it all ends in your butterflies and morlocks. *That doesn't matter now.* The effort's real. It's worth going on with. It's worth it. It's worth it – even so.'
>
> I can see him now and hear his unmusical voice saying, 'The effort – the effort's worth it', and see the gesture of his clenched hand and the – how can I describe it? – the friendly peering snarl of his face, like a man with the sun in his eyes. He sticks in my mind at that, as a very symbol of the creative will in man, in its limitations, its doubtful adequacy, its valiant persistence, amidst perplexities and confusions. . . .
>
> I know of no other a tithe so representative of the creative purpose, the *goodwill* in men as he. In his undisciplined hastiness, his limitations, his prejudices, his unfairness, his frequent errors, just as much as in his force. . . .

This last paragraph might apply equally well to Lloyd George whose 'wary, quick and flexible' brain Wells praised elsewhere in another connection. No two men between them, the one materially, the other intellectually, have done more to shape the community we live in. Both in their own way were prophets, both were tireless apologists for a planned world and a planned society, each despised and hated the 'decaying social traditions' of the age in his own way – Wells in his memorable picture of Bladesover, the autobiographical rendering of Up Park, the great house where his mother had been in service, L.G. in his battling Limehouse speeches on the 'People's Budget'. Both had the intuition of genius: their reactions to the Russian Revolution were instantaneous and typical of each. In his life of Lloyd George, Mr Frank Owen recounts how, when his secretary handed him the embassy telegram from Petrograd on that grey afternoon in March, 1917, announcing that the Revolution had broken out, he remarked, 'after a couple of minutes' thoughtful silence', 'they will be no more use to us in this war'. Wells's reaction – equally immediate – was to write a letter to *The Times*, urging that the moment had come for the British to rid themselves of 'the ancient trappings of throne and empire' and 'an alien and uninspiring court'. ('I may be uninspiring,' snorted George V, 'but I'm damned if I'm alien.') This, of course, is the silly side of Wells, the same streak of irascible pettiness that crept out in his controversy with Shaw over vivisection, when he declared that if he were standing on a pier in a storm with Shaw and Pavlov in distress below, and only one lifebelt, he would throw it to Pavlov.

Both Wells and L.G. were great in their intuitions and weak in their formulas. Their tragedy – it came to them both in late middle age – sprang from the same cause: they were both geniuses and they both despised their mediums. Wells's supreme medium was the novel – no one since Dickens has written greater comedies than *Kipps* and *The History of Mr Polly* (*Bealby*, with its exquisite caricature of Lord Haldane, is a splendid cameo). But Wells spurned art: 'I would rather', he wrote, 'be regarded as a journalist.' 'At bottom,' he declared, 'I am grimly and desperately educational.' To him the art of writing was merely a means to an end – human betterment; he once compared it to a telegraph boy delivering a message. Wells's real message was to the Kippses and Pollys – the average semi-educated man of good heart and warm imagination thwarted and defeated by a glum and shoddy way of life. But South Kensington and the Science Museum took over. The message got scrambled by that depressing show-off, Mr Lewisham ('a bloody little chunk of life', Henry James called the book, and how right he was!) and his successors, Mr Blettsworthy, Mr Clissold and the rest. Because of his contempt for art Wells made the fatal mistake of fusing the two sides of his head – the artist of *Kipps* and the genuine publicist of *The Outline of History* (still a magnificent achievement, whatever holes the scholars may pick in it). The dreadful eunuch fiction of his last thirty years was the price he paid.

L.G., the fixer of genius, did the same within his own medium of men and power. He understood both better than any of his contemporaries and he grew careless. The world of politics, even more than the world of literature, is very unequally divided into those who can and don't care, and those who can't and care desperately. True, L.G. never stopped caring, but by 1922 he had lost all but the vestiges of his radicalism and cared only about his own perpetual participation in the power game. Both men deserted the citadels of their myths – Wells forsook the Potwell Inn for visionary world-states, L.G. renounced the singing Nonconformist valleys for the Chanak Incident and Robinson's peerage. Wells never managed to make anything creative out of his middle-aged sweet reasonableness, as Kipling did out of his middle-aged hysteria.

But the residue – he wrote more than 100 books – is impressive enough. The sheer vitality of Wells's imagination in the ten or eleven masterpieces from *The Time Machine* (1895) onwards, is astonishing*. He was the first man

**Selected Short Stories.* By H. G. Wells. *Penguin 3s. 6d.*

to bring science fully into imaginative literature. As Orwell, in other ways his most cruelly percipient critic, has written:

> When Wells was young the antithesis between science and reaction was not false. Society was ruled by narrow-minded, profoundly incurious people, predatory business men, dull squires, bishops, politicians who could quote Horace but had never heard of algebra. Science was faintly disreputable and religious belief obligatory. Traditionalism, stupidity, snobbishness, patriotism, superstition and love of war seemed to be all on the same side. . . Back in the nineteen-hundreds it was a wonderful experience for a boy to discover H. G. Wells. There you were, in a world of pedants, clergymen and golfers, with your future employers exhorting you to 'get on or get out', your parents systematically warping your sexual life, and your dull-witted schoolmasters sniggering over their Latin tags; and here was this wonderful man who could tell you about the inhabitants of the planets and the bottom of the sea and who *knew* that the future was not going to be what respectable people imagined. A decade or so before aeroplanes were technically feasible Wells knew that within a little while men would be able to fly. He knew that because he himself wanted to be able to fly. . . .

His generous unwisdom in the cause of human progress was Wells's artistic undoing. But when all his plans and pamphlets have blown away, the best of the novels, the scientific romances and the short stories are still there – wonderful and indestructible. As his old friend and antagonist told him, they are 'alive and kicking'.

JOHN RAYMOND

Printing Jenny

Printing Bibles is Jenny's daily chore,
Or rather, stacking wads of India paper
As the press revolves them out galore.

Today it's Genesis and all that caper—
Catch a modern girl listening to snakes!—
Still it's a job and, viewed through the vapour

Of four o'clock tea, has got what it takes,
That is, nice pay, nice hours, no coming the boss.
Only an hour before knock-off, which makes

Three-quarters really, then off to the Cross
To meet Dan with his guitar and scooter,
Who says her lips are sweet as candy-floss.

Jenny's not sure these tight jeans really suit her
But for pillions and jive they're ideal.
Dan's picked up lots of tunes without a tutor.

Silly of him last month to go and steal.
He says he got that passionate in clink!
But, as the mags say, how to know love's real?

There's Rachel, who was told she'd get a mink:
She's had the kid adopted and she's back
On Cost Accounting, but it makes you think.

Jenny chucks the last heap on the binding stack:
Scriptures for those whose faith is on the cool,
For those who burn or twist upon the rack,

For many a bell-resounding mission school,
For best-seller export to the States:
She leaves them with her mug, her only tool,

And hurls her sixteen summers through the gates.

MATTHEW MITCHELL

Priestley Against Topside

Topside, or the Future of England. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 6*s.*

'Once upon a time, in the days of good Lord Attlee, there was a Silent Social Revolution.' A few years ago, this sounded like history. In 1959, it is obviously a fairy-tale. We have got the silence; we have not got the revolution.

We have got, Mr Priestley says, Topside. This in the title of his new book, which is written as a dialogue on English society. 1945, he insists, was the revolution that never happened. But the threat of a strong Labour government produced a powerful reaction, and a new kind of ruling-class – Topside. It is not the old class-system; indeed, part of its method is to absorb the able and willing from all classes. Nor is it the old establishment of Crown, Church and Aristocracy. It represents nothing, and believes in nothing, except staying on top. It pays lip-service to the traditions of England, but uses these as an advertising agent would use them: as decoration, as distraction, as bait. It is not so much government as a national smoothing system, contemptuously passed off as democracy. To stay on top, to prevent any disturbance from reality, it puts on a perpetual show, with the Royal Family, the princes of the Church, and the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition as its paid performers. Within ten years, Priestley estimates, it will have ruined England, because we can only survive by energetic response to our real situation, yet energy and reality are the very things Topside exists to suppress. It would rather see England ruined than risk its own staying on top.

This, of course, is not argument, but tirade. The dialogue is short, and though vigorously, is loosely written. Priestley's spokesman, Jordan, has no real opponent: an interlocutor, rather, a respectful and complacent young man who is about to enter the Foreign Office. The moral indictment of present-day English public life may or may not be convincing, but the actual answer given to it, by opponents rather different from young Nigel, is in terms of material success. Doomsday is there, of course, as a threat, but very few people, in fact, seem to believe in its signs, and *Topside*, one feels, is not likely to change their minds.

I make this criticism as one who, in general, agrees with Priestley. What he calls Topside, what others call the Establishment, and what others, including myself, still call the capitalist ruling-class, does indeed, in these late Fifties, behave very much as Jordan asserts. If Jordan is rude about it, he is rather less rude than the facts warrant. Topside is what Cobbett called the Comforting System, at a high level of technical efficiency, but the techniques are only made possible by a degree of social composition, to which imperialism, entrenched capital, and the moral decline of the Labour Party have all contributed. And to change this situation will need more than a threat of ruin – 'fifty million dupes living in a slum'. A system in which people are bought and sell themselves is not likely to run short of most kinds of productive talent.

Priestley's radicalism is genuine and useful, but his diagnosis is, I think, significantly wrong. Why should he have Jordan talk to a young man like Nigel, over brandy and cigars? Why should he make Jordan an isolated looker-on? The answers lie in his account of English society: the ruling-class – Topsiders; the masses – Takers; and the few honest dissidents – shall we call them Outsiders? If this is the actual situation, you have to fall back on Doomsday, as Orwell, from the same

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pattern, did in *1984*; you have to make moral appeals to young Topsiders. For my own part, I see the situation differently. I start by denying the idea of the Takers. The only force that can break Topside is the organised working-class, and I think that in spite of persistent betrayals they will do it. Cursing the Establishment can be merely the latest form of political quietism. The real dissidence lies only partly in protest; lies mainly in detailed work: on the new capitalism, on education, on the changing class system, on popular culture, on our inherited ideas, as a way of serving the working-class movement. If we do this, we shall see even Topside differently; see that its motives are profit and privilege, as they were before 1945; see that its purposes have been constant since the coming of universal suffrage – to maintain the appearance of democracy and the reality of class-rule. If Mr Priestley will stop talking to Nigel, he will find that he has allies against Topside, and that his sketch can grow into a full and effective statement.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Portrait of a Paranoiac

The Unspeakable Skipton. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Unspeakable Skipton represents a new and perhaps unexpected development in Pamela Hansford Johnson's talents. Together with *The Last Resort*, which appeared in 1956 and is surely one of the best novels of our time, it shows that there can no longer be excuse for failure to recognise that Miss Hansford Johnson is as good as any novelist writing in this country today. She began her career as a novelist when very young, and from the beginning she has been admirably professional; she has always known how to make the most use, in the most economical way, of her material. Short of the dæmonic genius of an Emily Brontë, there is in the long run no substitute for professionalism. But it has its attendant dangers. It can degenerate into formula. The professional novelist's besetting sin is always what Norman Douglas called 'the novelist's touch', the falsification of life through failure to realise the 'complexities of the ordinary human mind'. It is not a failure the novelists we read and re-read are guilty of; and one of the inspiriting qualities of *The Last Resort* was precisely Miss Hansford Johnson's skill in rendering the complexities, the contradictions, the discontinuities of behaviour, so that in the end the action she described could stand as a satisfying image of life itself, one rendered with a sad, lucid, honest acceptance that made it not silly to be reminded of George Eliot.

There was something else, too. It became slowly apparent that, very quietly, Miss Hansford Johnson was extending the territory of the novel. It was not that the types she was describing, or their milieu, were exactly new; but she had made them new: the retired, angry, self-absorbed doctor, his wife neurotically possessive of their daughter, the 'camp' architect, and the rest. She had seen all round them and caught them in a new light, in a new significance, so that in the end they were somehow bigger, richer as emblems of the human condition, than one might have expected them to be. 'The novelist's touch' was conspicuously absent from their delineation. So with *The Unspeakable Skipton.*

Here, Miss Hansford Johnson takes as her subject a type much more common in the arty pubs and clubs of Soho than it has been in fiction: the paranoiac artist. Until now, treatment of him has been marginal: one recalls Mercaptan in *Antic Hay*, and there are entertaining sketches in the early novels of Anthony Powell. The great exemplar in life is Frederick Rolfe, 'Baron Corvo', and Miss Hansford Johnson has admittedly drawn partly upon him for her full-length study of Daniel Skipton, Knight of the Most Noble Order of SS. Cyril and Methodius. But Rolfe has been no more than the starting-point: Skipton exists in his own right and in our time, a separate creation. Skipton is a monster. We see him in his austere garret in Bruges writing blackguarding letters to his long-suffering publisher even while attempting to borrow from him; we see him trying to blackmail the elderly cousin who has never met him and who makes him an allowance out of sheer innocent kindliness. He scours the town on the look-out for English tourists to pimp for. He is a monster of satanic egoism, and with what diabolical glee he translates all who offend him by their mere existence into figures of fun, effigies of depravity, that go straight into his interminable, unpublishable novel. A monster – and yet, called to pass judgment, the mind wavers. That ferocious anal-eroticism, that passion for cleanliness, that revulsion from the contacts of the flesh, don't they come very near to a perverted saintliness? While the intransigence of his appalling lunatic self-regard almost makes him one of the saints of art.

Skipton is a superb comic creation, and the final impression he makes is that of truth. Without sentimentality, without for a moment abating the rigour of her sardonic comedy, Miss Hansford Johnson brings out the full pathos of the poor wretch and his fate, which in essence is that of the dedicated artist without talent. And she embodies his fate in a plot marked by continuous and delightful invention and a set of characters that are wonderful foils to Skipton. The chief of these is the poetic dramatist Dorothy Merlin, author of *Joyful Matrix*, prophetess of the womb and a fertility goddess in theory and in practice. She is as magnificent a monster, almost, as Skipton himself; and the remarkable thing is that, though I can think of no one in contemporary literary life even remotely her counterpart, she emerges, with her hangers-on, as an acceptable symbol of the literary world and the literary values that Skipton in his dotty way is fighting. The setting – Bruges with its bells and its canals – adds a dimension of poetry to the comedy. *The Unspeakable Skipton* is a brilliant piece of sustained writing, which, as an original and successful comic work, challenges and compels us to revise our former notions of the nature and scope of Miss Hansford Johnson's talents.

WALTER ALLEN

Orgy Porgy

A History of Orgies. By BURGO PARTRIDGE. *Blond.* 25*s.*

It isn't quite a history, and its orgies are confined to the sexual in character or origin. This may seem a pity, since such manifestations as revivalism, American elections, and Nazis are excluded. However, as Mr Partridge blithely puts it, people prefer their orgies to have a sex basis; and this man-of-the-world bluffness is neatly contradicted by the psychological acuteness and strongly held opinions in the pages that follow.

The Greeks offer an ideal of sexual sanity, and their orgies are for the most part what orgies should be. The Romans degrade a high instinct to a lax 'way of life', rich in perversions. Stringency and mania come in with the Christians, and have been bedevilling us ever since with abstinences, tortures, perversions of the mind, divisions between body and soul. Today, we can claim liberty without innocence; codes, upheld in public, may be transgressed in private. We are, in fact, in a bit of a muddle, and whatever science may have in store for us, it seems unlikely that trips to the Moon will solve the problem of how men and women should best unite the two worlds they so obviously occupy.

Most of the book deals with English morals and rebellions from the Middle Ages on. We are, you might say, the hard case; and Mr Partridge gives some dark details of Puritanism which might suggest a kind of Hitlerism before its time. Then indeed the English conflict was joined, and between Roundheads and Cavaliers, divines and rakes, Empire building and Pecksniffery, we have come down to our present rabbity mildness, in which yet, unexpectedly, toughness and wit may pop up. Mr Partridge is tough and sometimes witty himself, and almost evangelical in his call against chastity, hypocrisy, and perversion of instinct. It is odd that he shouldn't mention the English prophets – Blake and D. H. Lawrence – on his side. But of course much of his space is given to the circumstances of notable orgies: Sir Francis Dashwood bringing depravity to the region now under the heel of A40; Cora Pearl stepping out of the sauce and 'Baron' Nicholson holding mock courts in which famous divorce suits were grossly improved on; and in our own time Aleister Crowley giving to Sicily the delirious rites Brighton had rejected. Needless to say, all this is highly entertaining, and Mr Partridge reserves his indignation for the moral dammings-up that produce floods of licence.

So far as the orgy itself is concerned, the difficulty is to envisage a nice balance in society between restraint and freedom, and better – Mr Partridge would seem to say – a bad libertarian

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than a good watch-committee. Very ingeniously he has appealed to a horde of readers with his subject, and put them through his own strict indoctrination. Next time perhaps he will tackle the orgy in all its implications of which war should be the first.

G. W. STONIER

Job Satisfactions

Social Structure and Personality in the Factory. By PAUL LAFITTE. *Routledge.* 24*s.*

The Blackcoated Worker. By DAVID LOCKWOOD. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

> . . . it is the grim factor of cold, impersonal treatment that hurts [the worker] most of all. It cuts across his manhood, and he feels that he is being ground down to a contemptible part in a soulless mechanism. . . . We do not yearn for the impossible, for we recognise much merit in the economy of the big corporation; but we deplore the soullessness of much of the relations between the higher official and the rank and file.

These words were written, strangely enough, by *The Bank Officer* in 1919 and are quoted in one of the two books under review. They might well be taken as the text of those who, with Professor Galbraith, are at last beginning to question ever-increasing production and managerial efficiency as the first aim of highly industrialised societies. For in a society where there is increasing specialisation of labour, whether in industry, commerce or the professions, the mechanisms of work can indeed become soulless. Too much emphasis on productivity gradually takes the meaning out of work and causes the individual to fulfil himself only in that part of his life which lies outside paid employment. Moreover, by containing his opportunities for self-expression within a managerial caste system one of his principal means of breaking out of the inequalities of the existing class system is frustrated.

Dr Paul Lafitte goes far to show what a job means to a factory worker and how it can be made more satisfying. He describes the results of a study of seven Melbourne factories in 1950-2, covering interviews with some 350 workers, foremen and managers. The study is a pioneering attempt to understand and explain the worker's point of view – in terms of satisfaction with work, pay, bosses and mates and more widely in terms of his class, politics, occupational history, upbringing and expectations. Most industrial psychologists and sociologists start from the management's point of view and tend to be preoccupied with productivity and the means of avoiding strikes and reducing absenteeism. This important book helps to redress the balance.

Dr Lafitte is a psychologist and therefore concentrates on the measurement of attitudes and personality. Parts of his analysis are involved and difficult to follow and, as in much other research into social psychology, quantitative interpretations of judgments and attitudes seem often to be compressed into rather artificial categories. Objective data about numbers of workmates, work environment and social contacts at work (including frequency of contact with bosses) are tantalisingly scant. One would have liked to know more about the fact that only a third of the workers had any acquaintance with their mates outside the factory (only one per cent. had workmates as close friends) or about the cynicism expressed by the majority about politics and trade unionism.

Happily Dr Lafitte is very conscious of the shortcomings of his data but refuses to shirk the major issues of the worker's role in factory, family and society. He makes many perceptive comments on what it is in a job that people like, on attitudes to social class and even on such details as the psychological impact of different kinds of pay. By showing that the individual worker prefers a job that is cleaner, more complete and independent, and that he prefers a boss who behaves towards him as a person of equal dignity rather than as a superior, the author offers a means of reformulating some of the ideals of good industrial management. By exploiting what material he has to the full he provides a basis on which sociologists and psychologists can build. I would be surprised if his book is not used by research workers and teachers as a source of information and encouragement for many years to come.

Dr David Lockwood further develops the work of a group of sociologists at the London School of Economics who, under Professor Glass, have been examining problems of social mobility, power and class. His is a mainly historical study of the typical blackcoated worker, the clerk, from the counting-house era to the 1950s. As a proportion of the labour force, clerks have increased from one to ten per cent. over the last hundred years. Dr Lockwood concentrates on analysing their class-consciousness and traces the changes in their economic position, their working conditions and status and the nature and intensity of their trade union activities. His account of the growth of five blackcoat unions (from the Transport Salaried Staffs Association to the National and Local Government Association) makes absorbing reading. He seems to have combed every issue of the relevant journals, such as the *Bank Officer*, the *Railway Clerk* and *Red Tape*, and his use of documentary evidence is extremely shrewd. The book is a solid contribution to our knowledge of one of the principal occupational sections of our society.

He has clearly been frustrated, however, by the shortage of evidence on some crucial issues, and if he had had the chance of interviewing even one small group of clerks I think he would have produced not only a good but an exciting study. There are many questions which documentary evidence cannot answer. He seems to have been too restricted by historical definitions of class and to have partly neglected the value of analysing different groups of clerks separately. After all, as he says, there is a wide range from the office boy to the town clerk, and it would have been helpful to discuss the situation of some different groups in more detail. It would also have been helpful to learn more about the growth in number of women clerks, who now account for nearly two-thirds of the total. The situation of most of them is clearly different from that of men.

Interviews would also have given greater precision, and intelligibility, to his account of some of the real differences in living standards and working conditions between clerks and manual workers and the opportunities for 'upward mobility'. All kinds of fascinating details, like the fashions of dress, the use of luncheon vouchers, the status investment in office equipment and furniture and the overcautious restriction of family size would probably have come to the surface. Dr Lockwood has explored documentary sources almost to their limit, even to the extent of quoting the prejudices revealed in individuals' letters to their union journals, and it is a tribute to his energy that he has proved so conclusively the need for an empirical survey.

PETER TOWNSEND

The *Collected Short Stories* of E. M. Forster, which were mentioned in our issue of 27 December as a Penguin edition, are also published by Sidgwick & Jackson, price 12s. 6d.

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ARISTOTLE and the AMERICAN INDIANS

Lewis Hanke

Perhaps the greatest debate of our time, the one on which the survival of our civilization may well rest, is that concerning the relations between the different races. Many people think this is a new issue, peculiar to our own age, but the debate was raging furiously in sixteenth-century Spain, at that time approaching the height of its colonial power in the New World.

Illustrated *18s. net*

HOLLIS & CARTER

Nuclear Sense

Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Waging Total Peace. By RICHARD ACLAND. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bertrand Russell explains 'brinkmanship' as the international form of a game 'practised by the sons of rich Americans'. This sport, he says, is

> played by choosing a long straight road with a white line down the middle and starting two very fast cars towards each other from opposite ends. Each car is expected to keep the wheels of one side on the white line. As they approach each other, mutual destruction becomes more and more imminent. If one of them swerves from the white line before the other, the other, as he passes, shouts 'Chicken!' and the one who has swerved becomes an object of contempt. As played by youthful plutocrats, this game is considered decadent and immoral, though only the lives of the players are risked.

In point of fact I am told that the brink in the American game is the edge of a precipice towards which such gilded youths drive expendable cars, making it a test of courage to wait until the last possible minute before themselves jumping clear. But as a description of the present state of world politics, Russell's picture is perfect. His object is to suggest an alternative to world suicide. The first necessity is to regard the nuclear menace, not as an enemy threat but as a new Black Death. 'No one would argue', he writes, '"perhaps this pestilence will do more harm to our enemies than to us".' Given this change of view in influential quarters, humanity may yet avoid going over the brink.

Russell's estimate of the immediate and later effects of an all-out nuclear war is studiously moderate. It is a summary of facts that can scarcely be believed but which are yet incontrovertible, and he begins, with ironic timeliness, by quoting American authorities who boast of the strategic advantage they will have over the Russians by being the first to occupy the moon. His object is not to repeat the facts but to expound a reasonable and practicable alternative to brinkmanship. He pleads, as he did in his letter to Eisenhower and Krushchev published in this journal, for an end to useless vituperation, and he suggests that a public refusal by statesmen to use nuclear weapons would relax tension. Otherwise an inflamed public opinion will make reasonable steps impossible even if rulers are at last converted to reason. He is not asking Mr Dulles or anyone else to 'trust the Russians', only to assume that they are no more anxious for destruction than we are. He believes – and recent weeks have reinforced his hope – that atomic tests may be abandoned and the problem of inspection solved. The prerequisite, he says, for any territorial or armament agreement between America and Russia is that it does not significantly change the existing balance of power; otherwise it cannot be accepted. He proposes to set up a Conciliation Committee 'not intended to have any powers, but to explore possible measures for the diminution of tension'. It must be small – he suggests two Americans, two Russians, one western European, one Chinese and two neutrals. He discusses the possible lines on which his conciliation committee could work in Europe, the Middle East and the Pacific. Though he admits that to talk in detail about an international authority today would be Utopian, he believes that it may yet develop if we proceed step by step, conscious that no territorial, armament or ideological difference can justify a nuclear war.

That old campaigner, Sir Richard Acland, in a popularly written survey of the same problem, also sets out to find the practical 'policy we could pursue if we gave up the hydrogen bomb'. His proposals also include the appointment of a 'permanent body of skilled and trained conciliators' to be chosen from nations which are not nuclear-armed. He holds that they would need a budget of two or three million pounds a year and that their headquarters should be on an ocean liner which could visit different parts of the world, make suggestions for disengagement and the relaxation of tension, recommending them not on the ground that they are perfect but that settlement on the lines proposed is preferable to mutual destruction.

One of the most memorable passages in Lord Russell's admirable little book is his appeal against fanaticism. Most people, he says, are not primarily interested in politics. They are concerned to eat and sleep, with love and family, with success and failure, with joy and pain in daily life. Only a man who has lost his sense of human values through 'preoccupation with controversy' would think he should condemn mankind to an agonising death in order to save people from a political system he dislikes. There have been many past tyrannies, none of them has lasted for ever and nor will 'the tyranny of the Kremlin or the tyranny of Wall Street'. He adds: 'The pessimism of those who believe that under this or that system nothing good can ever emerge is to me incomprehensible'. A wise and realistic book by a philosopher who, at the age of 86, manages to hold on, as it were, by his eyebrows, to a belief in the future of mankind.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Teardrop in the Irish Eye

Portrait of the Isle of Man. By CANON E. H. STENNING. *Hale.* 18*s.*

Truncated cats, motorcycle festivals and the sceptical young notwithstanding, the first thing to do on Man is to acknowledge 'the little folk'. (No true Manxman calls them fairies.) They're Celtic, sturdy and devotees of the open air. Their dress is green, their headgear red; evil ones have harsh, hairy faces and go in perpetual fear of church bells and holy music. The little folk embody Manx care for the possessed past and for preternatural forces that work upon the present. Greeting them (as you should) when you cross their bridge at Ballaglonney may be a fading piety; but some Manx people still put votive offerings in wishing wells, seem to die soon after seeing the ghostly black dog (*Mauthe Dhoo*) of Peel Castle, and believe in the existence of 'blood-stanchers' whose presence will arrest bleeding. People still talk of witches and fertility rites; and, according to Canon Stenning, there survives unexplained the unique custom called 'Hunt the Wren' when on 26 December singers arrive at the door with a bunch of feathers in a casket, and chant the story of the hunt.

Canon Stenning has lovingly compiled as much of this lore as he can find; and he also writes fully, though archly and mechanically, about this lush island's architecture, flora and fauna, geology, trade and industries, scenery, climate and history. The language, land system and Church are Celtic. Upon these the Vikings imposed from about the ninth century a legislature, including the Tynwald parliament and the office of Deemster (judge) and a mythology (Odin, Sigurd and 'King Orry') that still prevail. In 1403 Henry IV gave the island to John Stanley, and the Stanley

family ruled as 'Kings of Mann' until the 1765 Revesting Act brought the Lordship of Man under the Crown. Today the Lieutenant-Governor represents the Lord; about 42,000 voters elect the 24 Members of the House of Keys (Commons) to represent six 'sheadings' and the four largest towns; and in Tynwald the Keys (whose Speaker speaks and votes) sit in company with the Upper Chamber, the Legislative Council. The British Treasury makes Common Purse arrangements for customs and purchase tax dues, but income tax is insular, based on a maximum of 4s. 6d. in the pound.

Turn where he may, the lover of idiosyncrasy will be surfeited; a host of things intrigue—sub-tropical plants, pagan monuments with Christian inscriptions, the three-legged Manx emblem, venial poaching of salmon, the long respectable history of smuggling, sugar-cube cottages, the mists *de rigueur* for Royal visitors, turf walls for hedges, unique offices like Captain of the Parish and Vicar-General, the narrow-gauge steam railway, the liberal licensing hours, the Deemster oath 'to execute the laws . . . so indifferently as the herring backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish', and the 1577 rape law entitling 'maids' to sword, rope or ring the offender. All this the Canon gives. What I miss in his book is atmosphere, the sound of ordinary talk among *skeets* (sly observers) and the intense response that seeks fulfilment in a style far from that of the official portrait or the textbook. With less emphasis on archæology and a keener eye for the modern scene, Canon Stenning might have shown a complexer island's eccentrics, footballers, teddy-boys, painters, summer trippers, pubs, papers, soda cake, RAF types, buses, Bethels and Salvation Army tambourines. His delight in the past tends to blur his summaries of the present. But then, he is tempted by an absolute: the island spell backs the idealist in his ingenious disregard. That is at once this fascinating book's flaw and justification.

PAUL WEST

Romans High and Low

Roman Literary Portraits. By EINAR LÖFSTEDT. Translated by P. M. FRASER. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Power and Folly. By IVAR LISSNER. Translated by J. MAXWELL BROWNJOHN. *Cape.* 35*s.*

Professor Löfstedt died in 1955, eminently admired for the purity and coolness of his scholarship. This book is a translation from the Swedish of his posthumous *Romare*, containing essays of a more popular sort. Leisurely, discursive but seldom longwinded (for the professor, brought up in German *wissenschaft*, had a horror of verbosity) they are like successful lectures at a summer school for the educated non-specialist. Without calling in the psychological discoveries of the past sixty years or attempting a new interpretation of the structure of Roman economic life as it bore upon the poets and the people they wrote about, it is impossible to say anything new and important about Latin literature. The Romans were a self-conscious people, given to lapidary phrases of criticism which have been turned over and put back in the box, often with rich additions, for two thousand years. Professor Löfstedt in a productive examination of the order of statements in Tacitus's narrative of the murder of Agrippa does say something new about the calculated brilliance of Tacitus's style. But in the main these essays are a personal statement of accepted notions; and I have found them the most agreeable of Roman studies for three reasons. First, the professor was an anglophil who could equate the best of Rome with the best of England—the mixture of traditionalism and radicalism, the combination of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy (that City of Reason of the Stoics), the double strength of case-law and statutes, 'and has not the Englishman something of the same quiet but strict morality as the Roman, often to our way of thinking slightly stiff and conventional and philistine, but firm as a rock, come what may?' Cold potatoes from a Briton but I purr for it as caviare from a Swede. Second, he is a master of quotation, summing up Greek restraint in poetry with Corinna's advice to Pindar, 'One should sow with the hands, not with the entire sack', or suggesting that the only woman Cicero loved was his daughter, Tullia: 'Many men have only known one love, love for their daughter—*et c'est bien là tout l'amour, avec sa damnation*'. Third, for a satisfactory slow humour as in this passage about the celebrated Swedish historian Erik Gustaff Geijer:

> I once had an opportunity of familiarising myself with his history lectures delivered at Uppsala, which exist only in manuscript, and I think that I shall neither be committing an indiscretion nor be making a false claim when I maintain that these lectures when published will provide a very severe setback to Geijer's reputation as a critical historian.

The photograph of Professor Löfstedt shows him with a long thin upper lip. He can enjoy confuting Goethe's 'noble simplicity and quiet greatness' with the realism and violence of Propertius, earthy and cloudy as Italian red wine. But he detests mysteries. In an evaluation of Propertius V.viii he cannot bring himself to mention Cynthia's visit to the snake-test for virginity—an omission that caused me to discover F. A. Paley's fascinating comment that the ceremony is like one long kept up in this country by making girls pass through apertures in walls. As for the Negro Latin of Apuleius, it is altogether too far south for him. *Sublimis et acer*, with a sharp-witted interest in how to live well, he makes particularly Cicero, Sallust, and Marcus Aurelius seem worth our attention in 1959. The pleasure and force of this old gentleman's book have a certain finality. I wonder if the clever young Latinists of today have noticed that by attending to the visual, social and economic life of Rome they could actually produce new criticism of ancient poetry? Professor Gilbert Highet in *Poets in a Landscape* has shown the right direction.

From *Roman Literary Portraits* to *Power and Folly* is like leaving a summer school for a holiday camp. It seems that Germans when they popularise, with one eye no doubt on American sales, wish to go the whole Teutonic hog. If you want to read about the Roman emperors and their concubines in a style like the gossip in the *Sunday Express*, written by a man who has evidently taken as much trouble as Edward Gibbon to master some hundreds of ancient and modern sources, here it is, with good photographs and maps.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Recent paperbacks from America include: *A Dictionary of American-English Usage*, by Margaret Nicholson (Muller, 6s.); *Man: His First Million Years*, by Ashley Montagu (Muller, 4s.); *The Oedipus Plays of Sophocles*, translated by Paul Roche (Muller, 6s.); and *The Greek Philosophers*, by Rex Warner (Muller, 4s.). *A Cure of Flesh* and *The Just and the Unjust* (Longmans, 12s. 6d. each) have been added to the uniform edition of the novels of J. G. Cozzens.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,507 **Set by Hilbrian**

The usual prizes are offered for a more up-to-date verse (limit 12 lines) for Shakespeare's 'When icicles hang by the wall'. Entries by 20 January.

Result of No. 1,504 **Set by Grantchester**

And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve—

wrote Rupert Brooke. The usual prizes are offered for bread-and-butter letters (limit 150 words) from guests who stayed at Madingley for Christmas.

Report

'Roofers' arrived from all kinds of addresses—hospitals, asylums, prisons, even outer space (from Nancy). Jane's account of hauntings by authentic historical visitors came from Madingley Hall itself—

a figure, bewhiskered and frock-coated, whispering reproachfully, 'Oh, Edward, Edward!' It was the Prince Consort!

Some guests wrote for mislaid possessions, night clothes, souls and the like; others expatiated on strange dishes and stranger entertainments. Those entries were, I think, most successful which merely hinted at untoward occurrences. Suggestion stirs the imagination more than does a catalogue of horrors. There was Christine's casual reference to her gift for her hostess, 'an antique long-handled spoon'; P. W. R. Foot's despairing PS, 'How does one remove Woad?'; and Angela's 'waking up on Christmas morning and finding the house wasn't there at all'. Webfooted Fenman and J. E. Cherry spoke amusingly and bawdily for visiting servants, while Richard Parsons's guest (from Belial College, Cambridge) had obviously been too much for his hosts.

The prize money is divided among the entries printed. Highly commended, as well as those already mentioned, are Marcus Mouse, A. M. Robertson, H. A. C. Evans, Kitty Wake, Agatha C. Alberick, A. M. Sayers, D. R. Peddy and Hazel Archard.

The vicar called last night. He went white as a sheet and fled, before I had chance to speak. He must have guessed. Anyway, thank you for 'Christmas' (delightfully ironical word!) It has changed my whole 'life'. I must say no more for fear of you know what. By the way, is IT still there? Sometimes . . . I . . . *feel* . . . IT . . . isn't. . .

I was going to ask you to burn this as soon as read, but that is a *physical* impossibility, of course.

Yours,
GRANVILLE GARLEY

P.S.—I have not headed or signed the note. I'm not sure who you are, and still less certain who OR WHAT I am—now!

Dear Number Seven,

Once again Juliet and I have to thank you for a memorable party, marred this year by the death of your little granddaughter. One of these days, Number Three will go too far: he does not know his own strength. But it only goes to show how right you were to put us all into oilskins on Wednesday. I know mine took a lot of washing off!

I am glad your confidence in the doctor's discretion was so completely justified.

We both thought your 'Sunday School' even more entertaining than usual. Juliet insists on my asking you the name of the child with pigtails. You have something of great promise there.

I assume it was Number Sixteen's first Mass. One can almost always tell.

I am enjoying my anthology, and the illustrations in Juliet's *Ninety-Six Days* are masterly. Really, you spoil us!

Till Easter,
Always Yours,
Number Twelve.
LORENZO

Dear Mrs Ruyters-Krampp,

Safe back at Chislehurst I write to thank you for my remarkable Christmas at Madingley.

I had always thought embalming exclusively ancient Egyptian art and never dreamed I should sit down to dinner with my host's great-great-grandfather. How contented he looked!

What a change it was, too, to get away from the tedious ritual of turkey and plum pudding! By the way, you must send me the recipe for that delicious stuffing we had with the dog.

Please give my regards to your brother, Rufus (that trick he did with his glass eye still has me baffled) and tell your son not to worry as already my hair is beginning to grow again. I'm sure, deep-down, he is a very good-hearted boy.

Again thank you for a Christmas which, I know, will remain unique in my experience.

Sincerely Yours,
LYNDON IRVING

My Dear Owens,

May I thank you again for your kind hospitality over C - - - - - mas. It is not always that my little ways are treated with such tolerance and understanding, and I cannot tell you how sorry I am about the mirrors in my room.

Your young theological friend will find that he can walk again on his 'hind' legs in a very short time, as I'm afraid the Transformation, however entertaining, was a virtual failure. Maybe his own people can help him? I think I mentioned at the time that we had little hope of engaging The Prince of Darkness's attention at such a busy season with the sacrifice of a mere animal. Perhaps next year . . . ? Meanwhile,

Kindest regards from your wife and myself.

Transylvania JEREMIAH SOWERBY

P.S.—He could exploit his condition commercially, as Episcopalian lycanthropes must be very rare.

. . . found it in my school sachell when I unpacked which I took my piejamas in. I gave it to the science Master who said was it mail or femail, he could not tell from one limm only. He said it must have been a smashing party. I told my friend Grimshaw whose pater is a Detecktive and he told him and he said could I give him more details as he is intrested perfessionally in that sort of thing.

The Vickar said it must have been a smashing party, those Paygan Rights are most intresting, something to do with Druids.

Thank you very much for a smashing party,
Yours sinseerly,
Mortlock, (J.)

P.S.—The science Master says do you want the Babies bone back or can he keep it for the school Museum.

OLIVER HUNTER

My dear Mrs Gould,

I cannot find words to thank you for last week. The music, the company, those *novel* decorations—all combined to make this Christmas an unforgettable experience.

I can't help feeling it a pity about Miss Pugh, but if it will really make a difference to next year's weather I suppose it was all in a good cause, and we must consider the farmers, mustn't we?

I hope I wasn't too much of a drag towards the end. It wasn't any lack of spirit, but the chill I caught when we were down in the cellar. I had been wrapping up quite warmly this year, and as that gentleman in fancy dress pointed out, it was rather a shock to the system.

My apologies for the pencil—but they won't let us have pens in here. See you next year, if I can get away.

BRIAN HAMMOND

The Chess Board

No. 478. Better Late Than Never

More than once we have come across a *post mortem*, delayed by years or even by decades and conclusively reversing the honours (if not the result) of some famous game; and since, unlike a study or a problem, a game would not be spoiled but rather gain additional interest by such discovery, we might consider it a happy event. It has just happened again, and the vindicated game, I am glad to say, is one of Emanual Lasker's very last tournament games, the one he lost to Reshevsky at Nottingham, 1936. To have beaten Lasker in just over 20 moves (and with Black too) is certainly something to remember with pride, and I wasn't surprised that Reshevsky mentioned it first of all when, the other day at Munich, I asked him to tell me about his favourite games. Now it so happened that soon after the team tournament, spending a day or two at Dresden, I met Dr Lutz Herrmann, a master of considerable standing and also the husband of Edith Keller-Herrmann who ranks among the world's best women players. They told me that they had recently spent their evening leisure analysing famous games and that, when scrutinising that Lasker-Reshevsky game they had found out that Lasker needn't have lost it and, indeed, should have got much the better of it. Now before quoting (and refuting) some of Reshevsky's own copious notes on the game, here's the plain score without as much as a ! or ? to influence the reader's own opinion of the position.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P x P; (3) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; (4) P-K3, P-K3; (5) B x P, P-B4; (6) Kt-B3, P-QR3; (7) O-O, P-QKt4; (8) B-Q3, P x P; (9) P x P, B-Kt2; (10) B-Kt5, B-K2; (11) Q-K2, O-O; (12) QR-Q1, QKt-Q2; (13) Kt-K5, Kt-Q4; (14) B-B1, KKt x Kt; (15) P x Kt, Kt-B3; (16) P-QR4, Q-Q4; (17) Kt-B3, KR-B1; (18) B-Kt2, Kt-K5; (19) R-B1, Kt-Kt4; (20) P x P, P x P; (21) B x P, Kt x Kt ch; (22) P x Kt, Q-Kt4 ch; (23) resigns.

Reshevsky calls White's ambitious 14th move "highly questionable," adorns the 16th with a ! and a ? and comments:

Although this move is part of a conception that ultimately fails, it shows Lasker's greatness. He must have had this thrust in mind when he played his 14th, reasoning along these lines: once Black exchanges Knights, White's QP is no longer isolated. True, the new QBP is backward, but P-QR4 will force . . . P x P, and then P-QB4 can be played, gaining control of Q5 and strong play.

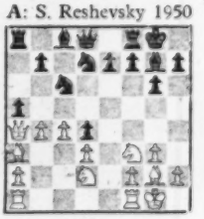
As for White's 17th Reshevsky calls it *a sorry retreat, but the seemingly aggressive* (17) *P-KB4 could be effectively answered by* . . . *P-Kt5!*

Evidently Lasker *was* afraid of Reshevsky's intended . . . P-Kt5 but he needn't have been (as the Herrmanns have now found out); he could have blithely proceeded according to plan (18) P-KB4! giving him precisely that excellent game as described in Reshevsky's note on the 16th. What both players had overlooked was the impossibility of . . . Q x P ch, since (19) B-K3! would have trapped the lady either on the Q-file or on c3. (B x P ch, followed by R-Q3.)

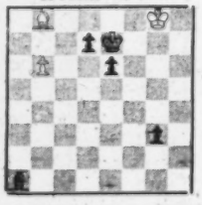
After this it seems only fair to show Sammy in the role of the Q-trapper. How then, in the 4-pointer for beginners, did Black continue? **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw, should be none too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by 19 January.

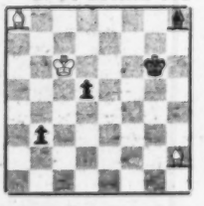
A: S. Reshevsky 1950



B: Bondarenko & Kakovin 1958



C: P. Babitch 952



Report on the Christmas competition (No. 475) held over for lack of space.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Quos Deus Vult Perdere

Light thrown in dark corners is the greater part of spring cleaning: the lordly scarabs of the City who were found scurrying and blinking by the Bank Rate tribunal will never seem quite so important again, even to themselves. The effect of this discovery has been extraordinary. Last week they intervened, blatantly and in closed order, to protect the threatened board of British Aluminium. By intervening, they induced every newspaper in the country to throw them into the headlines; the general public has been able to admire not only their habits but their incompetence and their ultimate ineffectiveness.

By Christmas week, when rumours of the proposed intervention were first heard, the British Aluminium dispute had already passed through several stages. The directors, knowing that an offer from Tube Investments was in the offing, had signed an agreement with Aluminum of America giving the latter control of one-third the BA capital at 60s. a unit. Tube Investments and Reynolds Metals had countered with an offer of 78s. and one TI share, then worth around 78s., for each two units. The BA directors, after some prodding from their City advisers, had made the tiredest of anti-bid gestures – a promise to raise their dividend from 12 per cent. to the 17½ per cent. level of TI. Since the new dividend would be barely covered by earnings, the gesture had aroused little excitement: TI remained the favourite by a comfortable margin. But the rumours were right. Last week an announcement was issued by a syndicate of fourteen well-known City houses. British Aluminium holders were asked to stand firm for the country's sake and were offered, as a concession to the weakness of human nature, a price of 82s. a unit for half their holding provided they agreed not to dispose of the other half for three months.

It is not easy to convey the enormous and many sided ineptness of this announcement. The City advisers to the company were not only summoning up the whole establishment to support them but were thereby admitting that the price at which they had recommended selling control to Alcoa was absurdly low. Having pinned the prestige of the whole establishment on victory, they were proceeding to make a bid which was not only limited but was below the price ruling in the market and had almost no chance of success.

The fourteen may have been bound together to some extent by a common interest in BA stock; placing – charging commission for the use of a list of friends ready to put clients' money into stock you are anxious to sell – is an established way of earning a City living, and BA has had two rather unsuccessful issues in the recent past. But the fourteen were bound together, and to the Board of BA, by other more personal and more traditional ties. It may be worth noting that the fourteen are immediately connected through cross-directorships with a score of insurance companies, several of the leading groups of investment trusts, all the Big Five banks (including two chairmen), and with the main companies acting as financial links between the City and Africa, Australia and Canada. They are a sizable wedge of the financial establishment, thickly sprinkled with newly created titles, decorated with a couple of Bank of England directors (and a couple of sons of former governors), a Bowes-Lyon, a Salisbury, and three directors (including the chairman) of *The Times*.

It is obvious from the niggardliness of the syndicate bid, the supposed reluctance of some supporters to have their names mentioned and the readiness of others to sell out as soon as the market price rose, that nobody pinned very much hope on the attempt at intervention. It appears to have been made for three main reasons. First, the dog doesn't eat dog argument: big companies should not make bids for one another. Second, the all pull together argument: established bankers must not be allowed to lose, and the whole City must be made to look foolish to save one man's face. Third, and perhaps strongest of all, the common dislike of one part of the City for another part, and particularly for the firm which has so successfully been advising Reynolds Metals. This bank is regarded as an interloper in the City. Its founder has built it up – and even broken into Grandma's circle of acceptance houses – by pursuing the vigorous tactics which other banks pursued in the time of their first barons. It was to avoid a permanent and public split between two groups of bankers that Grandma last week tried to get them to settle their differences – fruitlessly, since one side was winning and Grandma herself was involuntarily involved on the other. No compromise solution could be reached; the Treasury, despite considerable pressure, refused to interfere; Reynolds Metals, buying heavily, went on to secure control of BA. The establishment has publicly intervened and publicly failed to secure its object. *NS* readers may regard this as encouraging.

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Sir Ellis Hunter's Review

In his annual review of the Company's activities circulated to the shareholders, Sir Ellis Hunter, Chairman and Managing Director, states that, although steel demand has fallen, the output of the structural engineering members of the Group has been maintained.

During 1958 bridge building, engineering and chemicals were responsible for 48 per cent. (1957 41 per cent.) of the group profits, and iron and steel 52 per cent. (1957 59 per cent.).

Experience at the Universal Beam Mill shows that it will do efficiently all that was expected. The marketing of the new beams is beginning to show encouraging results.

Referring to the commitment of the Labour Party to re-nationalise steel, Sir Ellis states it is a threat which cannot be ignored. The Party does not seem anxious that it should be a major issue at the polls. The great majority of the people in this country have no desire for any further extension of State ownership of industry. What they have seen of the results of nationalisation has killed any enthusiasm for it. They do not regard further nationalisation in any form as likely to contribute to their own well-being or to the economic progress of their country.

If the general election were to be fought on the question of re-nationalising steel, it is certain the country would reject it. The hope of the Labour Party is that steel re-nationalisation will be obscured by other issues. There should be a lively recognition in the country at large of the harm that would be done to the steel industry whose efficient operation is essential to virtually every form of industrial activity.

The urge to re-nationalise steel is based on the Labour Party's political thinking of forty years ago. In view of the experiences of the past decade, the Labour Party should have the courage to admit that this policy is obsolete, and scrap it.

Referring to the statement by Mr. Alfred Robens, MP, that the case for public ownership is not made on the basis of an inefficient industry, Sir Ellis Hunter states the steel industry is one of the most efficient of the nation's industries. In twelve years it has raised its capacity by about 65 per cent. and in the early 1960s capacity will be double that of 1946.

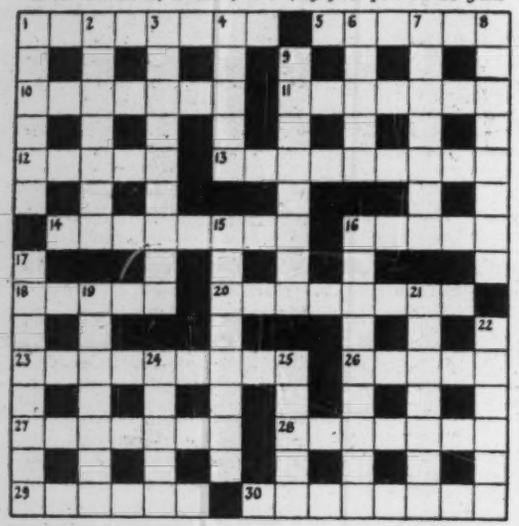
Steel and the great industries it serves are carrying the main burden of the battle for overseas trade. As the people of this country have good reason to know, the decline and fall of the steel industry would be inevitable under nationalisation. Economic disaster for Great Britain would result and no reasonable hope of a rising standard of living would remain.

Under nationalisation steel would soon become a rigid monopoly. The engineering industry comprises thousands of concerns both large and small, responsible in the aggregate for a substantial part of the country's home and export trade. How would they be likely to fare if they found their interests at variance with such a vast state monopoly?

It does not appear likely that effective safeguards for the consumer would survive re-nationalisation.

Week-end Crossword 337

Prizes: Three book tokens of £5 5s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 337, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 20 Jan.



ACROSS

1. Permit to enter which is left after the exam result (8).
5. Fields of entertainment (6).
10. Related in type and colour (7).
11. The benevolent came first and got a fire going (7).
12. The observer discovers no ground without water (5).
13. Time of year when tempers are about to be upset (9).
14. Plant where the worker and manager are side by side (8).
16. 'In came a fiddler—and —— like fifty stomach-aches' (Dickens) (5).
18. Feast for the open-mouthed (5).
20. Resort for quick movements? (8).
23. A mixed lot gather slowly (9).
26. An imp with nothing on in a place near hell (5).
27. Listen to the final count and cheer (7).
28. The Maltese is not involved in ill-feeling (7).
29. Plant nearly all to let (6).
30. Without help the French soldier would still have his various uses (8).

DOWN

1. Capital for relatives in the drink (6).
2. Variations on a strain for a singer (7).
3. Put a snare up on the range for game (9).
4. Travels in the manner I desire (5).
6. In two streets this row would be most queer (5).
7. With an unfinished cry I put a stop to the monster (7).
8. Imaginary place of age or trouble (2, 6).
9. Captains who know the ropes? (8).
15. The smoker's accessory discovers a man dead under a tree (8).
16. Aircraft make an excursion over ground routes (9).
17. His Lordship welcomes overacting (8).
19. Letters which sound as if they are for the eldest son (7).
21. Resin is found in the animals round the swamp (7).
22. Chest for a person who sounds chesty (6).
24. Bishop eaten by mice (5).
25. Glamour which brings love to a standstill? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 335

P	H	A	R	I	S	A	I	C		C	U	B	I	C
A		P		N		S		A		R		E		H
S	P	O	R	T	E	D		R	O	O	S	T	E	R
H		G		E		I		T		S		I		I
A	M	E	R	R	Y	C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S
		A		V		I		I		E		T		Y
C	O	N	V	E	R	S	E	D		N	E	S	K	I
H				N		I	G	G				A		
A	M	B	I	T		G	R	E	A	S	E	G	U	N
F		O		I		H				W		A		
F	E	L	L	O	W	T	R	A	V	E	L	L	E	R
I		O		N		S		R		E		L		O
N	E	G	L	I	G	E		E	M	P	L	O	Y	S
C		N		S		E		N		E		W		E
H	E	A	R	T		R	E	A	R	R	E	S	T	S

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CHIEF Architect in the Ministries of Housing and Local Government and Health. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts of Chief Architect. Ministry of Housing and Local Government (one post): Applicants must be registered Architects and hold professional qualifications in architecture, and have had a wide experience of housing and other building development. Experience in the field of public authority housing would be an advantage. The person appointed will be responsible for the organisation, direction and supervision of the Ministry's architectural advisory service on housing and local government building generally. The work of this service is being reviewed and extended and will afford increased scope for the study of design problems and constructional techniques. There will also be opportunity for carrying out selected demonstration schemes in the housing field. Salary (London) £3,750. Ministry of Health (one post): Candidates must be registered Architects and hold professional qualifications in architecture. Experience of hospital building an advantage. All round experience and organising ability essential. The Chief Architect will be in charge of the Ministry's Architectural Staff. He will be responsible for organising the examination of building schemes of Hospital Boards engaged in an expanding programme, as well as of schemes for other health and welfare services, and for a design group which it is intended shall undertake development work. His duties will include collaboration with professional staff of Hospital Boards and Local Authorities. Salary (London) £3,400. Application forms and further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, quoting S 4925/59. Closing date 30 January 1959. Applicants should state the post for which they are applying and if they wish to be considered for both appointments this must be indicated.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies. Candidates should have special interests and qualifications in Russian History. Salary scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 24 January 1959 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

OCCUPATIONAL Therapist required adolescent spastic centre. Whitley Council scale and conditions plus London weighting. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires General Programme Assistant in Leeds. Required to help in the programme output of many departments (principally in the Spoken Word) and will be encouraged to develop own programme ideas. Good educational background and informed interest in current affairs essential. Acceptable microphone voice and knowledge of the Northern counties also desirable. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.945 N. Stm) should reach appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

EAST Africa High Commission. Statisticians, East African Statistical Department. Candidates should have a good Honours degree preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject. The latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data. Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post-graduate research in economic analyses or statistical surveys. Age limit 40. Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £939-£1,863, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13½% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, SW1, reference BCD 59/88/02.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Tutor for the Diploma Courses for Teachers of the Mentally Handicapped (in Occupation Centres, Mental Deficiency Hospitals, or in their own homes). Applicants should be graduates with teaching or other professional experience with children, preferably though not necessarily in the field of mental deficiency. A qualification in psychology or the Social Sciences would be an advantage. The Senior Tutor will be responsible for the content and conduct of the training and will be expected to contribute by lecturing in an appropriate subject. Salary according to qualifications and experience in relation to recognised scales. Optional superannuation. Applications, with full particulars and the names of two referees, to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

CITY of York Art Gallery. Applications are invited for the position of Art Assistant. Candidates should have a University Degree and a good knowledge of the History of Art. Salary scale APT I (£575-£725). Initial salary according to age and experience. The appointment is subject to the National Joint Council Scheme of Conditions of Service and the passing of a medical examination. Applications, giving details of age, education and qualifications, with two recent testimonials, should reach the undersigned not later than the 17 January 1959. Hans Hess, Curator, City Art Gallery, Exhibition Square, York.

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APPLICATIONS from PSW's or qualified Social Workers are invited for the post of Social Case Worker for two ESN school leavers' hostels in the London area. Applicants must have experience in working with adolescents of each sex. Knowledge of the labour market an advantage. Salary according to age and qualifications, in relation to recognised scales. Applications, with full particulars and the names of two referees, to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOK Tokens s'échangent contre livres français chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1

SCHOLARSHIPS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a., will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1959, for girls between the ages of 12 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

COMF. single b/s. in private house. 14 mins Victoria. £2 wk. POL. 7547.

A VERY attractive single bed-sitting room, all amenities. TUDor 8844.

SKEN. Sml bedrm for prof. wom. in teacher's flat. 50s. KNI. 4893/Box 5363.

PROF./bus. wom. offd newly dec. sgle div.-rm & dressing-rm. Use b., c.h.w., k., tel., serv. 3 gns. COL. 8995 evg/wkend.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

REFINED lady wishes to let very comf., eleg., large b/s. Hampstead close tube, central heat, all mod. conf., congenial atmos., preferably to prof. gentleman. Box 5281.

ELEGANTLY furn. room Lancaster Gate dist. for single business person. Cen. heating, c.h.w., elec. light, linen. PAD. 8549.

SHARE-a-Flat, 175 Piccadilly, W1. HYD. 2545. The right person or the right flat.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd., East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

VACANCY for bus/prof. woman, divan-room, share of kitchen. 2 gns. MOU. 5438.

NEWLY dec. quiet sgle b/sit., 1st flr flat Belsize Park Gdns. PRI. 2354.

SMALL but cosy bed-sitter in Doctor's house. Gas fire, cooker, h. & c. water own meter. CANonbury 4554.

BRIGHT, comfort., mod. f. b/s., use kit. Gent. £2 15s. GLA. 2624 evgs wknds.

EXCEPTIONALLY pleasant bed-sitting room, quiet Regency house, large garden. Breakfast. Other meals by arrangement. Easy access City, West End. HAM. 9125.

DIVAN-room. Lady. W. London. easy reach centre. Use kit., bath. Box 5302.

LARGE furn. room, lux. flat. W14. C.h.w., cooking facil. 70s. p.w. FUL. 2996.

FURN. bed-sitting room, h. & c., cooking facs. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

SINGLE furnished room. £2. Male Socialist. SW4. Use k. and b. Box 5335.

GOLDERS Green. Sml furn. bed-sitter, ckr, h. & c. Suit sg wmn. MEA. 2280.

YOUNG lady 22, would like another to share her flatlet in NW area. 2½ gns. Professional person pref. Box 5228.

WEST Hampstead. Lge divan-rm. Suit cple. Full ckg facs. Close bus & tube. Colonial students welcomed. MAI. 8982 evgs.

WELL-appointed furnished flat with view, 2 rooms, kitchen. 4 gns. FOR. 1610.

A WELL-furn. single bed.-sit. room in a comf. flat. Suit yng lady. MAI. 4912.

COMF. furn. double room, ground flr; suit student or married couple. Use bath and kitchen. PAD. 8140.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny, large bed-sit., fine view. Cooking facilities, own meter. Employed lady only. TUDor 8160.

ATTRACTIVE room for gentleman in Non U Maida Vale. £2 15s. All services. Housekeeper. CUN. 9665.

ARTIST'S house renovated. 3 rooms, responsible people. All conveniences, built-in ckg facs, H.c.w., bath, phone. Hampstead. 3 or 4 gns. Box 5357.

GROUND Floor Furnished suite in Sussex house. Suitable married couple or gentleman. Resident housekeeper, charming grounds, use of house, TV, garage, etc. From 10 guineas full board of 16 guineas double. Special terms by arrangement. Box 5008.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

JAPANESE journalist sks sgle furn. room with Engl. family where children, Lond. area. M. Yagisawa, Rm 216, The Times, EC4.

WANTED – small, warm, decent flat, for two, s.c., Finchley Road-Platt's Lane area preferred. Box 5206.

ARCHITECT and wife req. pied à terre. Away wkends. Ckg fac. Canonbury, Kens., Chelsea, WC1. Abt 70s. p.w. Box 5299

LADY & prep-school daughter req. unf. garden flat, NW3 area. Phone SPE. 4133.

UNDERGRAD. (m), fluent German, French, sks cheap accom. anywhere in, nr Lond.; wd offer any help in retn. Box 5389.

URGENT. Young couple need semi- or unfurnished flat London or Green Belt area. Baby expected June. Box 5018.

AMERICAN family (5 children) wish to rent house or flat for 6 months from Feb. 1959. London area, pref. Hampstead. Must be near transport, shops, schools etc. Max. rent £11 p.w. Box 5149.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

12 & 14 Jan. at 7.30 The Magic Flute
13 & 16 Jan. at 7.30 Madama Butterfly (in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET

15 Jan. at 7.30 and
17 Jan. at 2.0 and 7.30 Cinderella
COV. 1066.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

Evenings 7.30, Sats. 2.30

13 Jan. (evg) &
17 Jan. (mat.) The Merry Widow
14 Jan. Schwanda the Bagpiper
15 Jan. The Marriage of Figaro
16 Jan. Eugene Onegin
17 Jan. (evg) Hansel & Gretel

OPERA Circle. 'The Fiery Angel' by Prokofiev. Talk by Stanford Robinson with musical illus. Sun. 1 Feb., 8 p.m. at 4 St James Sq., SW1. Dets.: Mrs Rosenfeld, Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mon. 2.30, Tu/Fri. 7.30 Sat. 2.30 & 7.30. 'Radio Rescue' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Non-Stop Revue. 3-yr., fr. 2.30. Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tckt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 7.30. Sat. 5.0 & 8.15. Mat. Thur. 2.30. The Long and The Short and The Tall.

TH Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 7.30. Sat. 2.30 & 7.30. 'A Christmas Carol'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage'. Fri., Sat., Sn. 7.30. Ends 18 Jan. Mems.

CONCERTS

IN Nomine Players. Directed by Maxwell Ward. A Concert of English Sixteenth Century Music and Music of the Golden Age. Ruth Dyson (Harpsichord), Desmond Dupre (Lute), Philip Jones Brass Ensemble. Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk. SW3. Thursday, 15 Jan. at 8 p.m. Tickets: 8s. 6d. and 5s. from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd, 124 Wigmore Street, W1. (Wel. 8418.)

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon., 12 January, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Première of remarkable Czech comedy 'Old Man Motorcar' (U). 'Journey Into Spring' (U).

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 11 Jan., 7 days Laurence Olivier, 'The Prince & the Showgirl'. (A) 'Our Miss Brooks', (U).

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Sat. 10 January 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

CEN. London Fabian Soc. Social and Dance at the Bull & Mouth Tavern, Bloomsbury Way, WC1, on Sat. 10 Jan. 7.30. Adm. 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

BEAR Lane Gallery, 6 Bear Lane, Oxford. Christopher Wood. Oil paintings, watercolours, drawings. 7-28 January.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Painting by Fontana, Crippa, Dova, Clemente from the Damiano Collection. 8 January-7 February. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., Members free. Library: Photographs by Charles Damiano 7 January-8 February.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Ceramics by Campavias. Paintings by Maurer.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Eugene Boudin Retrospective Exhibition in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Adm. 2s. 6d. & 1s. Daily 10-5; Sats 10-12.30. Extended to 15 Jan.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 14 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Adrian Heath-Paintings. Hans Reichel-Watercolours. Opens Wed. 14 Jan. til 13 February. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

PICTURES framing, prints, pottery, cards. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Close to Earls Court Station. Open all day Sat. Tel. FRE. 3328.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 29 Dec.-17 Jan. Sculpture. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. E. Milward, 28 Dec.-25 Jan.

LOVIS Corinth: Paintings and drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 February: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thrs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition Nicholas Georgiadis: New Paintings Mary Fedden: continuation of 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Exhibition Drian Artists 1959. 9 January-7 February. Daily 10-6; except Sundays.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Annual New Year Exhibn. Also, The Robert Banks Collection. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Six British Painters: Ballard, Burr, Daniels, Davison, Mason, Whishaw.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, WC2. Recent paintings Marek Zulawski from 7-31 Jan.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Stanley William Hayter: 10 new etchings. Ra van Rossem: The Spirituals & Blues Suite. Weekdays 10-6; Sats 10-1. 6-31 January 1959.

ULR – Ten Painters: Lanyon, Fussel, Potworowski & others. The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Dly 10-midnight until 31 Jan.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club

'THE BRITISH ELITE: THE MEN WITHIN'; MICHAEL BARRATT-BROWN and CLIVE JENKINS. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1, Mon. 12 Jan. 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

Study Group: Hist. of Socialism 1. Christopher Hill: 'Socialism before 1800'. Sun. 11 Jan. 7.15, LBC, 7 Carlisle St.

Study Group: Literature & Politics 1. Stuart Hall: 'Look back in Anger'. Thurs. 15 Jan. 8 p.m., LBC, 7 Carlisle St.

ULR Educ. 6 p.m. 7 Carlisle St. 'Attitudes to Education' Series. Adm. 1s 3d. 13 Jan.: Parents, at 10+. 27 Jan.: At 15. 10 Feb.: Employers. 24 Feb.: Child at 15? 10 March: Anti-Education adolescents.

MONDAY, 12 January 1959. General Zionist Organisation of Gt Britain. Open Forum Discussion, 'Failure of Proportionate Representation in Israel'. Opener, Mr Samuel Landman, MA. 8 p.m. sharp at 'The Dorice', 169a Finchley Rd, NW3 (nr John Barnes). Adm. free, Non-members welc. Hon. Sec., Mrs H. H. Allen. SPE. 3328.

BRAINS Trust on Accra Conference, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, Tu, 13 Jan., 7 p.m. R. Palme Dutt, Desmond Buckle, Wally Roberts & others. LDC, CP.

'ABORTION – Legal or Illegal?' Watford Branch Progressive League, Thurs., 15 January, 7.45 p.m., at Cookery Nook, 93 The Parade, High Street, Watford. Speaker: Basil Bonner, B.Sc, chairman, Abortion Law Reform Association. Train met 7.38 Watford Junction (leaves Euston 7.7).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'What should we do about Television?', Richard Pryke, Wed., 14 Jan., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

RACE Relations: 'New problems in the UK'. Univ. Extension Lecture, Miss J. E. Wicken, MA. Mon., 12 Jan. 7 p.m. 50 Gloucester Place, W1.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society, 17 Jan. Holiday Reunion, Films, etc. Details: Hon. Sec., 6 Den Close, Beckenham.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday 11 Jan. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Alfred H. Haffenden: 'Revolution & Reform'.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Imagery in the Poetic Work of Mallarmé and Valéry' will be delivered by Professor A. R. Chisholm (Melbourne) at 5.30 p.m. on 20 January at University of London, Senate Hse, WC1. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs, 15 Jan., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Do We Reincarnate?'

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 11 Jan. D. G. MacRae, MA. 'The Case Against Originality'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 13 Jan. Prof. T. H. Pear, MA, 'The Nature of Prejudice'.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Literature. Reading by Poets from 'Listen', arranged by George Hartley: Donald Davie, Hilary Corke, Elizabeth Jennings, Martin Bell, Charles Tomlinson, Martin Seymour-Smith, Gordon Wharton, Richard Murphy, Anthony Thwaite. Tuesday 13 January, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Jazz Recital: Ella and Duke; Charles Fox on Gil Evans, Wednesday 14 January, 8 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d.

SIR Basil Blackwell's 'Memories of May Morris' followed by Soirée. 7.45 p.m., 16 January. Arts Council, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 10s. William Morris Society, 35 Hendon Avenue, N3.

DRAWING in sculpture and architecture': lecture by Leon Underwood. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave., EC1. Tues., 13 Jan., 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 17 January at 6 p.m. M. F. Le Lionnais (Alliance Française): Les machines limitent-elles la pensée créatrice?

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. (PARk 7696). Fri. 16 January, 8 p.m., Gilbert Phelps: 'Influence of Tolstoy on English Writers'.

THE Hephaestus Poetry Circle will meet again every Tuesday from 7.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. at 38 Museum St, WC1, from January 13. Admission 1s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 14 Jan., 6.30 sharp: 'Effort and Vulnerability', David King. Also Beginners' Class (first of 4 lessons on alternate Tuesdays, open free to all), 13 Jan., 6.30 and Saturday Group (readings, discussion and tea – open to all) Sat. 17 Jan., 3 p.m. Note Summer School dates, 28 Aug.-4 Sept. Hoddesdon, £9 incl. – Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' for all Buddhist news and views. Information TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 11 January, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m., M. L. Burnet: 'Detachment and Responsibility'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 11 Jan., 8 p.m. 'Echoes from the Orient'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 16 Jan. 8.30 p.m. 'Dramatic Readings from her Own Plays'. Mrs Philippa Burrel, 62 Queen's Gdns, PAD. 0688. Free.

DRUID Order. This month the lecturer at the usual third Thursday of the month meeting at Caxton Hall will be Margaret Mackenzie. Subject: Approach to Astrology.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEEK-END courses at Urchfont Manor; Post-Impressionist Painters; Modern Trends in Psychology; Ionesco; The Concept of Mind. Family courses in August. Write for Spring Programme to the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Wilts.

CREATIVE Dance and Dance Drama. Evening Course taken by Geraldine Stephenson and Athalie Knowles on Thursdays from 7 to 8.30 p.m. beginning 15 January 1959, at St John's and All Saints' C. of E. Secondary School, Exton St, off Waterloo Rd, London, SE1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

RITUAL Dance Drama will be rehearsed and produced at a Course taken by Lisa Ullmann and Geraldine Stephenson on Saturdays, 24 January and 21 February 1959, at YWCA, Great Russell St, WC1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Certificate in Psychiatric Social Work. The University offers a one-year course leading to a Certificate in Psychiatric Social Work. Applicants should preferably be between 24 and 35 years of age, and should hold a Certificate or Diploma in Social Studies or a University Degree in Sociology. Previous experience in other fields of social work is desirable. A few maintenance grants have been made available for students willing to undertake Psychiatric Social Work in Scotland for a period after training. Applications for admission next session (October, 1959) may be made now, and in any case not later than 31 March, 1959, to the Director, Department of Social Study, University of Edinburgh, 59 George Square, Edinburgh, 8, from whom full particulars may be obtained. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University. December, 1958.

THE Dartington Hall Arts Centre, Totnes, Devon, offers Preparatory Courses in Drama, Art and Music for students aged 16-19 as a bridge between school & university or professional training. Prospectus from Sec.

TUITION in stress-free movement, posture and release from nervous tension. The Re-education Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, is now under the direction of Lois Caink and Donald Grant in succession to the late Charles Neil.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ST JAMES'S Academy, 293 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. New conversation courses in French and other languages – Free Trial Lesson – Also, Intensive Secretarial Courses and English for Foreigners. Remarkable results.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GERMAN beginners-advanced. Conversation & coaching, Mrs Grafe. MAC. 5114.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Crses. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

PARIS and Strasbourg, 26 March-5 April. For the fifth year, a most interesting and out-of-the-ordinary holiday tour combined with the stimulating experience of spending several days in the lively atmosphere of the major institutions of the developing European and Atlantic Communities. In Strasburg the Council of Europe is explained by some of its highest officials; so, in Paris, is the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Visits to Supreme Headquarters (SHAPE) and to the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC) are included, as well as films, discussions and opportunities to meet and question many key personalities. Strasbourg is a most attractive medieval town in Alsace near the Vosges Mountains and Black Forest (optional excursions to both). Paris adds to the perennial attractions of its cultural treasures its own special appeal at Easter time. London back to London, 1st-class travel; 35 gns. Send 3d. stamp for details to UK Secretary, Easter Study Tour, Greyhaven, Dawlish, Devon.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery, near Blackpool Sands, Ideal Spring hol. Good food, comfort, h. & c. all bedrms. Own produce, poultry (no children under 5). Stoke Fleming 231.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

GET away from it all – to Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Kent (Herne Bay 750). Country and sea. Vegetarians catered for.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

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